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CHARLES TYRRELL,

BY

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"RICHELIEU;" "GIPSEY;" "ROBBER;" "DESULTORY MAN;"
"PHILIP AUGUSTUS," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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autumn is full of storms. Your early days have been dark and cloudy indeed, and I trust that the brighter part is yet to come."

"Oh, may it be a prophecy, dear lady!" said Charles Tyrrell, taking her hand and raising it to his lips. "Oh, may it be a prophecy! for as I stand here, holding this dear, this beloved girl by the hand, and think of parting with her for a long and indefinite time, with dangers, and sorrows, and all the accidents of fate between us; when I think of all this, and my utter desolate solitude in a foreign land, without a friend, without a home, without an occupation—with my name stained and dishonoured—my fortune withheld from me—and with all the bright hopes that animated me but a few days ago, so completely crushed under foot, I feel almost inclined to cast away this scheme for saving myself, to return to the prison, and to take my chance of what may come—for the worst and most terrible death that could befal me, could scarcely be more terrible than such a parting as this."

Mrs. Effingham gazed upon his face for a moment, and then said,

"Tell me, Charles. Is there a probability of your ever being able distinctly to prove yourself innocent, to the satisfaction of all men? —Mind, I do not doubt you in the least, or in any way; for when we visited you at the fisherman's cottage, I twice saw a person there bearing the appearance of a lady, and certainly not in the rank of those that surrounded you. There are also parts of your conduct on the day of your father's death which you do not choose to explain—right or wrong. I have combined these two circumstances in my mind together; but remember that I believe your whole motives, your whole conduct, to be upright and honourable—that I have not a doubt—that I have not a suspicion."

Everard Morrison advanced from the other side of the table, where he had been standing, and though there was a considerable and unusual glow upon his ordinarily pale cheeks, he spoke in his usual calm and impressive manner.

"Madam," he said, "you are quite right. I will take upon me to answer for my friend. Those two circumstances are connected with each other. That lady that you saw is one very dear, perhaps too dear to my own heart, and now, Madam, to answer your question distinctly and closely, without putting him to the pain of saying a word upon a subject which he may think right not even to allude to; I will tell you that if he so chose to act, he could, at once, prove his innocence to the whole world; that he will be able to do so, beyond all doubt, at an after period; but that he could not do so now, without bringing certain destruction upon the heads of two other persons, and committing a great breach of trust. The facts I know from others, revealed to me as a legal adviser, and I put it to him, himself, yesterday, with full permission to do so, whether he would break the trust reposed in him, and save his life at the expense of others; or run the risk—the imminent risk of death. Madam, he chose like

Charles Tyrrell, and to those who know him that is enough."

"I thought so, I was sure of it," cried Mrs. Effingham, while Lucy gazed up in the face of her lover with her eyes dimmed with tears.

"And you must be the sacrifice!" continued Mrs. Effingham, after a pause, gazing upon Charles with feelings of deep interest and compassion. "You must be the sacrifice to your own noble and kindly heart. Would to God that you were married to Lucy, that she might go with you, and be your consolation and your comfort."

Charles Tyrrell took Mrs. Effingham's hands in his, and gazed into her face for a moment.

"I fear I am very selfish," he said at length, "for I am so tempted to ask you to let her go with me, that though I know you require comfort too, I can scarcely refrain."

"But Charles, Charles," exclaimed Mrs.

Effingham, pale and very much agitated, "she is not yet your wife. She considers herself as much bound to you as if she were. I know she does —I have always taught her to do so. She will never be any other's but your's. She shall be your's whenever you claim her."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Effingham," said Charles, "that it were so indeed! and not merely in name. I would claim her now — even now. But I know I am acting selfishly. I know I am acting wrongly. I should be exposing her to peril, and dangers, and discomforts, and it is better that I should go now at once, and leave love, and hope, and happiness in my native land behind me. It is better that I should go," and he dropped the hand that he held in his.

"But Lucy," said Mrs. Effingham, turning to her daughter, "Have you thought of this?— Have you heard of this? What do you say, my child, for my brain is bewildered, and I scarcely know what I am doing?"

"I say, my dear mother," she replied earnestly, "that there is but one thing on earth that would stop me from going with him; neither perils, nor dangers, nor discomforts, nor, if it must be so, the sorrows of a life itself."

"What then?" demanded Mrs. Effingham.

"My mother!" replied Lucy. "To leave her to sadness, to solitude, and discomfort; that —that is the only obstacle that I think ought to stand in my way."

"It should not stand in the way for a moment," replied Mrs. Effingham, "were it not for other things. But think, Lucy, think of the world—think of what the good and wise, as well as the vicious and malevolent, would say."

"For that, my dear mother," replied Lucy, "I should care little—secure in the approbation of my own heart. When Charles spoke of such a thing—he did not ask me, but merely spoke of it a moment ago—I thought over it all earnestly. I asked myself were these times

of trouble, such as took place in the French Revolution, or in our own Great Rebellion, and he were forced to fly so suddenly, should I not do right to go with him? should I not be applauded for so doing? Who could doubt that I should? How much more need for me to go with him now, when he has so much more need of comfort. Would the world, which says so little against the woman who, in disobedience to her parents, or in opposition to her friends, flies from her home to be married in Scotland, would it blame me for crossing the sea to unite myself to the man to whom I was engaged before, with the consent of all; would it blame me, when I have so much higher objects —so much better purposes in view—when I neither oppose those who love me, nor enter into a family unwilling to receive me; when I go to share the sorrows, and the poverty, and the exile of the only man that I ever loved; and if it did blame me, ought I to value its blame? If it did censure me, should I care for its censure?"

"No, my dear child," replied Mrs. Effingham, "in that you are right. In such cases as these perhaps, removed from all the ordinary considerations of life, we must cast off ordinary considerations, and for once think abstractedly of what is just and noble, without considering the world, though that consideration of the world is in almost all instances a woman's best and surest safeguard. Lucy, I will put no restraint upon you. I will not say do it; for the responsibility is too awful even for me, who do not often shrink from responsibilities. You shall follow the dictates of your own judgment and of your own heart. Think not of me for one moment, my child. I and poor Lady Tyrrell will console one another, and will, if you so decide, join you as soon as may be."

Lucy paused for a moment without reply. A thousand new and strange sensations—a thousand anxious and painful thoughts crowded her bosom, and might be seen written in legible characters upon her countenance.

The last thing that appeared there was the rushing up of the bright, warm, eloquent blood, suffusing forehead, and cheeks, and neck, with a deep and painful blush, while she held out her hand to Charles Tyrrell, and casting the other arm round her mother's neck, hid her face upon her bosom, and once more burst into tears. Mrs. Effingham pressed her to her heart, and looking upon Charles with a melancholy glance, she said,

"Oh, Charles, Charles! when, with frank and noble confidence, you first told me of your love for Lucy, I promised that, in the coming time, I would repay that confidence to the full; but I little thought that I should ever have to put such a great—such an awful trust in you! But I can trust you — surely, surely I can trust you with the safety, with the happiness, with the honour of my child!"

"Believe me, believe me, Mrs. Effingham!" replied Charles; "as soon as ever we reach the French shore, Lucy shall become mine by a right which none can dispute. Pure, and inno-

cent, and bright as she is, I do not believe that there is mortal man who would have the impious courage, even in thought, to ruin that purity, or sully that brightness. I know that our marriage can be instantly celebrated in France, though we are now at war with that country, and the very first letter that Lucy writes to you, it shall be as Lucy Tyrrell."

Still, however, Lucy clung to Mrs. Effingham, and raising her eyes to her face, she exclaimed,

"Oh, my mother, my dear mother! how can I leave you? Charles, Charles, ought I to be so selfish?"

"It is I that am selfish, I fear," said Charles Tyrrell; "for while I own, Lucy, that I would almost bear death itself, rather than part with you under circumstances of such uncertainty, yet I feel that it is cruel to Mrs. Effingham to take you from her even now."

"Think not of me, Lucy; think not of me, Charles," said Mrs. Effingham. "You know what I can bear, and how I can bear it. If

you think it your duty to go with him—and perhaps, notwithstanding all dictates of worldly prudence, I may think so too—act as you would act if I were not in existence; let me not in the least impede you. I shall do quite well; and he certainly needs you with him more than I do; for I do believe, Lucy, that to a noble and an uncorrupted heart, the love and society of a pure and virtuous woman, is not only a consolation under all circumstances, but a safeguard and a support."

Everard Morrison had in the mean while remained silent, but now, though he understood and made every allowance for the natural hesitation of Lucy under such circumstances, he felt that precious moments must not be lost for slight causes, and taking a step forward, he said,

"Dear Miss Effingham, you are decided to go. I have said nothing hitherto in opposition to Tyrrell's scheme, for where you are willing to risk so much, who shall talk of any other hazards? Let me, however, now remind you,

that every moment is precious. The tide serves just one hour before daylight; the cutter will be off the point at that hour; a very short time, therefore, remains for your preparation; and even during that time Sir Charles ought to leave you; for though we have taken every precaution to prevent them from tracing us hitherto, and to mislead them in regard to the course we have taken, yet there is that natural connection between this place and our escaped prisoner, that suspicion will instantly look in this direction. Should any search of the house be made while he is still here, no possible means of escape would be left. He must, therefore, go on alone, leaving me to conduct you to the spot where we shall find him."

It very often happens in life, that our decisions are made for us, by other persons taking it for granted that we have made them. Such, however, was not exactly the case in the present instance; for Lucy had determined already to go, and all that Everard Morrison said, only tended to hasten her arrangements for that

purpose. If any shade of indecision was left, it was only expressed by her gazing alternately at Charles Tyrrell and at her mother, while the young lawyer was speaking. When he had done, however, she put her hand in that of Charles Tyrrell, saying,

"I will go with you, Charles. Now go on as fast as possible. I will lose no time, and will join you as speedily as I can. I may be agitated, Charles, I may be terrified, but I have no earthly doubt that I am doing right, and therefore I will not fear. Do not stay here longer! Mr. Morrison is quite right. They may seek you, and what a terrible thing it would be if they were to find you here. Every sound that I hear makes me tremble. In a very few hours I will be with you—God bless you, Charles, God bless you. Go, and leave me for the present."

Charles Tyrrell tore himself away, and pursued his journey alone, and fortunate was it, as it proved for him, that he did so. As soon as he was gone, Lucy hastened away, by her mother's direction, to make what preparations the time

admitted, and Mrs. Effingham, instantly turning to Morrison, said,

"The next matter to be considered, Mr. Morrison, is, how we are to prepare Lucy's maid to accompany her mistress."

Morrison started, and was somewhat surprised, as he had not calculated at all upon Lucy taking any body with her. He strongly objected, however, to the least hint being given to the maid in regard to Charles Tyrrell's escape, although Mrs. Effingham guaranteed her fidelity, assuring him that the woman had been in her family for many years, having been in the first instance her daughter's nurse. He represented the risk, however, so strongly, that Mrs. Effingham said, at length,

"Well, since such is your opinion, I must go and persuade the woman to go with Lucy without knowing why or wherefore. I think I shall be able to do so; and it may, also, Mr. Morrison," she said, "be necessary to add all the money I have in the house to their little stock; for such a flight as this cannot be accom-

plished without great expense, and we cannot tell how long their absence from this country may be prolonged."

"Sir Charles Tyrrell has already with him a very considerable sum," replied Morrison, "which I procured from his mother in contemplation of this business. It is necessary, however, to be fully prepared in such respects; but I think if you have any jewels which you could give your daughter, it would be even better than money; for a large sum of gold would be cumbrous, and I do not well know whether the notes, which form now our principal money, can be used in France without great loss while we remain at war with that country."

"That can be easily managed," replied Mrs. Effingham; "I have some valuable jewels, which I have not worn for many years, and which will go into a very small space. I will now, however, see about all these things, and prepare the maid to accompany her mistress."

Thus saying, she left him, and Morrison, whose presence of mind and acuteness extended

to the minute details of every thing, instantly went into the conservatory, closed the door by which Charles Tyrrell had gone out, locked and bolted it, drew down the curtain, closed the door between the drawing-room and the conservatory, locked it also, and placed the key on a small nail by the side of the door, where he saw another key hanging.

He then sat down, took out a number of law papers from his pocket, made no scruple to borrow a sheet of paper from the writing-book on the table, and having folded it neatly down into proper form, was, in two minutes after Mrs. Effingham had left him, busily engaged in making an abstract of one of the documents which he had spread out before him. His only thought in so doing was, "I may as well employ the time in this way as any other;" but the fact of his so doing proved of great advantage.

He had written one page, and was half way down the second, when a loud ringing was heard at the bell. Before any of the servants could appear, though they ran to open the door

with habitual quickness, the ringing was repeated, and when the footman arrived at the door, followed by the butler, three or four men presented themselves, headed by the governor of the county gaol. As soon as the door was open, the governor demanded sharply,

"Has any gentleman been here to-night, to visit the family?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the butler, at once advancing, "there has; but I should like to know why you ask?"

"Because, Sir," replied the other, "I am governor of the county gaol, from which a prisoner has made his escape this night, and we have traced him here. What is the gentleman's name that has been here?"

"His name is Morrison, Sir," replied the butler.

"Then there was somebody with him," said the governor.

"No, that's not true," replied the butler, in a frank tone, that admitted scarcely of a doubt; "there is no one but himself and our

own family that has entered these doors to-night. Of that I'll take my oath. He is in the drawing-room now, on business with my mistress, and will tell you so himself. I will go and call him."

"Stop! stop! my good fellow," cried the governor, "you don't stir a step. Take care of these good fellows, constable, while I go in. I must intrude upon the ladies at all risks. Is that the drawing-room door?"

"No, Sir," replied the butler, "that's the anti-room door, but it leads to the drawing-room. Go if you like, you'll only be thought a saucy companion for your pains; and if my mistress blames me, it's not my fault, you know."

Without making any reply, the governor walked straight forward and threw open the anti-room door. The door beyond was partly open, so that he could see into the drawing-room at once, and there was no possibility of any body in it making their escape without being perceived. There, however, sat Everard

Morrison alone at the table, with half a dozen large law papers spread all over it, the pen in his hand, the abstract he was making lying before him, and the ink still wet upon three or four lines preceding.

As the governor entered, he lifted up his head to see who it was; but his countenance betrayed nothing which could excite suspicion. The whole appearance of the room, and of the young lawyer himself, was so natural, and so little calculated to awaken or confirm suspicion, that the governor at once began to fear he had been misled, especially as he had been guided in that direction principally by his own suspicions.

It was necessary, however, to say something on the occasion, and he, therefore, burst forth, saying,

"Very pretty this, Mister Morrison, very pretty this."

"What do you mean, governor?" said Morrison, in his usual calm tone. "What is very pretty? I don't understand you."

"Why here you send a woman to me," said the governor, "asking admission to Sir Charles Tyrrell, and giving me to understand that it is Miss Effingham, and she turns out no such person, and lets him get out in her cloak."

"I never gave you to understand that it was Miss Effingham," cried the young lawyer; "quite on the contrary; in my note to you I told you I did not know who she was. I wrote in a great hurry, as I had to come here to-night; but I took care to tell you that, I am sure. If it had been either Mrs. or Miss Effingham, they would have come to me of course, and I should have put their names down in the note. But I took especial pains, on the contrary, to say that the lady who had written to me was at the inn, and that I could not tell who she was, in order that you might act upon your own responsibility."

"Precious responsibility business I seem to have made of it," said the governor. "Why, I shall be turned out of my post."

"Pooh! nonsense," replied Everard Mor-

rison, "any man may be deceived. But who is this lady, for she must have stayed behind?"

"Lady!" exclaimed the governor. "She is no lady; some common woman, who speaks as broad as a waggon wheel. But she won't tell who she is; and when I told her she would be kept in there all her life till she did, all she said was, she would take a day to consider of it; so I thought the best way would be to come on here at once."

"And pray what do you want here?" demanded Everard Morrison coolly, as if the governor's coming there was the most extraordinary thing in the world.

"Why I thought I should find him here most likely," replied the governor. "It was natural that he should come here, rather than go up to the park, where he was sure to be laid hold of."

"More natural that he should go up to London, than do either," replied Morrison. "I'm sure if I had helped him out, I should have advised him to come here by no means"—

which happened to be really the case, as Everard had strongly counselled him not to come to the manor at all—"However, governor," he continued, "I can assure you that he is not here, for I have been here a long time, upon business with Mrs. Effingham, as you see, and I must have known it if he were. Mrs. Effingham and her daughter have both been with me till within these ten minutes, and I pledge you my word of honour that Sir Charles Tyrrell is not here, so you had better not disturb the ladies, for you can trust to my word, you know very well."

"Why, I think I can, Mr. Morrison," replied the governor; "but then what had I better do, do you think?"

"Why that 's hardly a fair question, governor," replied Morrison. "We lawyers, you know, are never fond of advising a man to break out, for we of course lose every thing by such means; but now that he has got out, of course I wish him safe through it; and then, on the other hand, I should not like to give you wrong

advice, so I shall give you none. Only one thing you may be sure of, you won't find him up at the park, for he is a great deal too clear-headed to linger about places where every body knows him, and where the first cottager might take hold of him and get the reward which is likely to be offered."

There was so much reason in what the young lawyer said, that the governor was greatly influenced by it. He resolved, however, to send up a constable to the park, to make some sort of search, in order that it might not be said, he had neglected any effort to recover the prisoner. With the same view, also, he asked,

"Where does that glass-door lead, Mr. Morrison, do you know?"

"Why, I fancy to the conservatory," replied Morrison.

"I should like just to take a look into it, however," said the governor. "I don't think you'd cheat me, Mr. Morrison; but I should like just to say I had made some search."

"Oh search, if you like," replied Morrison,

rising, and going towards the conservatory; "but I give you my word of honour that if he is in this house it is without my knowledge, and without the knowledge of either Mrs. Effingham or her daughter. But let us make haste then, if you want to look into the conservatory; for if Mrs. Effingham comes down, as she said she would in a minute, we shall both of us look foolish, you know."

The conservatory-door was then opened, and the governor went in: but the place bore so much the appearance of not having been opened since it was closed for the night, that the look of everything, the calm tranquillity of the young lawyer, the surly frankness of the butler, the evidence of legal business going on which the table displayed, thoroughly convinced the governor that he had made a mistake; and he was in the act of retiring to return to the county-town, and pursue his search in some other direction, when Mrs. Effingham appeared, and drawing herself up with an air of cold dignity, looked first to the governor and then to Everard, as if

for an explanation of his presence. Morrison instantly interposed, not wishing to plunge Mrs. Effingham into the quagmire of explanations, wherein the best compounded stories are apt to flounder, and get themselves caught.

" This is merely a gentleman, Madam, who came to me upon some business," he said. " I will see you early to-morrow, governor; good night, good night;" and the governor retired, without adding any thing more.

When he was gone Mrs. Effingham sunk into a chair, and pressed her hand upon her heart, which beat violently. Morrison, however, explained the whole to her, and told her that he believed the governor was completely deceived.

" We must take two precautions, however," he added, " when we ourselves set out; one is, to ascertain that the same number of persons the governor brought with him have repassed the lodge-gates; the other, to ensure that there is no one watching in the field at the end of the park-stile. How long do you think it will be, ere Miss Effingham is ready?"

"Not half an hour," replied Mrs. Effingham.

"Well, then, I will go and see myself," replied Everard. "But pray, my dear Madam, in the meantime put her in mind that she has no time to lose; for there is a walk of nearly six miles before her, and Tyrrell ought to be out at sea before day-break."

"She will be ready in less than half an hour," repeated Mrs. Effingham; and the young lawyer proceeded to ascertain that all the avenues were clear.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE moon had somewhat declined by the time that Charles Tyrrell left the manor-house; but she was still high enough in the sky to show him every object as he went along; and a lingering unwillingness to quit the place of his birth and of his youth, without taking one last look at the dwelling in which his mother still was, and in which, perhaps, the body of his father still lay, led him back into the park, which, indeed, afforded as short a way as any other, to the spot whither his steps were bent. He knew, indeed, that he must not suffer himself to be seen; for though he did not think that any of the servants would betray him, yet imprudence might do as much as treachery, and he therefore resolved merely to stand under the

shadow of the wood, near the spot where the buck-wheat was laid out for the young pheasants, and to be able to tell his mother, when he wrote, that he had come to gaze up at her windows, and speak an unheard farewell ere he went.

He accomplished his intention in safety; the house was all closed, and the only lights that were seen, streamed through the chinks of the window-shutters in his mother's room. He gazed up thereat for some time, and then praying God to bless and protect her, he turned upon his steps, and proceeded along the path to the spot which we have before mentioned, where the walk separated into two. There he paused, and hesitated.

He had a strong inclination, indeed, to visit the garden-gate, near which his father had been murdered, and to ponder over that bloody spot, as if it could give any tidings of the real assassin. He knew, however, that every moment was precious, and that there might be various arrangements to make before he went

on board the ship which was to convey him to a foreign country. He therefore refrained, and turned upon the other path, which led to the end of the lady-walk, as it was called, and crossing it, brought the passenger by a small neat stile into the open fields beyond.

We have before described that walk of fine and sweeping beech-trees planted on one side of the broad gravel, and bending down like a penthouse over it, but yet leaving a beautiful view over the fields on the other side. The moon was shining clear upon the country beyond, and had so far declined as to pour its light under the branches of the beech-trees, and as Charles Tyrrell approached the extreme end, and still stood under the shadow, he saw that the walk was not entirely solitary, for about half way down appeared the figure of a man walking slowly up towards him. Who it was he could not distinguish at that distance, but he perceived that the arms were crossed upon the chest, and the head bent down, as if the eyes were fixed upon the ground. After

advancing for about a hundred yards towards him, the figure stopped, and gazed out upon the moonlight; then clasped his hands together, and advanced again in a meditative manner. As it came closer, Charles recognised the figure of Mr. Driesen, and thought to himself,—

"I suppose he has come to attend the funeral, for surely even his cool nonchalance would not permit him to stay in the house all this time after my father's death. However, he has acted in a friendly manner by me in all this sad business, and also about Lucy, so that, perhaps, he might stay, thinking he could be of use."

The cause of Mr. Driesen's stay was, not long after, explained to Charles Tyrrell, for the will, which had been drawn up some time before his return from college, was found in the drawer of the library-table, and conveyed to Mr. Driesen everything except the entailed estates, and the jointure of Lady Tyrrell. Besides an immense property in land and money which thus fell to him, all the plate, the furniture, the books, the cattle, the horses of Harbury-park were his also,

and nothing but the bare walls of the house remained to the young heir or his mother.

Charles Tyrrell did not know this at the time, though he learned it before that night was over; and he only looked upon Mr. Driesen as one whose principles, or rather want of principles, he could not approve, but who often acted kindly and justly from natural goodness of feeling.

Driesen gradually approached, unconscious that any one was near; but notwithstanding the good fortune which had befallen him, his whole air was melancholy, his whole carriage dejected, and as he turned again near the spot where Charles Tyrrell stood, the latter heard him utter a deep, long-drawn sigh. When he was nearly at the other end of the walk, which, as we have said, was of great length, Charles crossed it, suddenly passed over the stile, and took his way into the fields.

Turning short to the right, before he reached Harbury-hill, at the distance of about three miles from the park, he entered the woods which surrounded the dwelling of Captain

Long; but, avoiding that house, he followed the left-hand path, which kept close to the edge of the wood, till it brought him into one of those long ravines, which, as we have said, ran down here and there to the sea-shore.

Following this, he was soon upon the beach, and walking rapidly on, under the cliffs, so as to be as much in shade as possible, he reached the house of good John Hailes, the fisherman, and knocked gently at the door.

"Who is there?" said a voice from within, without opening the door. "What do you want, at this time of night?"

"It is I, Hailes. It is I," said Charles Tyrrell. "Let me in, quick."

The door was immediately opened, and closed as soon as Charles Tyrrell had entered. He now found himself once more in the fisherman's cottage, surrounded by the family group that he had left there, but with the sad absence of the mother.

"Thank you, Hailes, thank you," he said, shaking the honest fisherman by the hand;

" thank you for all that you have done for me. But indeed, indeed, I am grieved that your wife should put herself in such circumstances, on my account."

" You are out, you are out!" said Hailes, " and that 's quite enough. Here you are a free man upon the sea-shore, and they 'll not keep her in above a day. My neighbour's wife 'll take care of the babies, and I 'm sure the ladies up at the house will be kind to them. But I thought Master Morrison was coming with you."

" He will be here in a short time, Hailes, I trust," replied Charles Tyrrell; " he is only waiting for Miss Effingham."

" Ay, I thought how it would be," said Hailes; " I thought she would not let you go alone. But none of us 'll be obliged to stay in foreign parts long."

" Why, my poor fellow, what chance is there of your returning?" said Charles Tyrrell. " I'm afraid you do not understand the law upon that matter. You will be looked upon quite as

guilty as the other, for in such cases the law makes no distinction. But has no inquiry been made yet? Has there been no examination into the affair; if not, why have you not, both of you, got away sooner?"

"Why, as to this business," replied Hailes, "there has been no inquiry at all yet, and I could get away when I liked; but then, you see, they're watching him there like cats, about that smuggling business. They well know I had nothing to do with it, and could pay nothing if they were to skin me; but they think if they once get him into the exchequer they'll squeeze him till he's as dry as the skin of a dog-fish, so he cannot walk a step without having some ill-looking fellow at his heels in a minute, and he dare not put out his boat for fear of their being after him."

"And where is Miss Longly?" demanded Charles Tyrrell. "I wish to God we could persuade Morrison, before we go, to think differently of her conduct."

"She has gone back to her father," said

Hailes, "whenever he heard the word that that scoundrel spoke when he was dying, he took her back again with all his heart; and as for Master Morrison, if he would not take her back too, and be fonder of her than ever, he's not worth having her, I say."

"Why, what did he tell you, then?" said Charles Tyrrell, "that must have been after I left you. From her own story, and the artless manner in which she told it, I am perfectly sure that her motive was innocent, though her conduct was certainly imprudent. But what did he say? for, when I left you, he seemed quite dead, and he had certainly said nothing before."

"Ay, ay, but he came to life twice before we got him to old Jimmy Harrison's cottage, and he vowed upon his life and soul, as he was a dying man, that she was quite innocent."

"Yes, I heard him say that beforehand," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but that would not be enough to satisfy Morrison, I fear."

"Ay, ay, but he told more of the story,"

continued Hailes. " He said that her coming to meet him was not at all to go off with him, as he wanted to make her, but because he had proved to her that he could ruin her father at a word, having got an insight, while he was staying there, into all that Captain Long was doing in the smuggling line. He acknowledged that he wrote to her to meet him in the wood at the top of the hill, if she would save her father from ruin, and told her that, if she came, he would show her how she might completely screen him. The way which he proposed to her to do, when she did meet him, was to go off with him to Guernsey to marry him, though he would never have married her if he had once got her there, I doubt. But, however, she would not go, and when he tried to force her, she screamed, and brought the other young officer to help her, who would'nt consent to any such work."

" That I heard from the officer himself," said Charles Tyrrell; " and if we can but get Morrison to believe this, all will be well.—I

wish she were here herself, that he might see her when he comes."

"Why, you see," said Hailes, "that would be easy done, for if Longly knew that you were here, he'd come down himself, I know, if he could; for Master Morrison told both of us yesterday, when he came down here to speak to my wife about going up to the prison, that when he had given you leave to tell all you had seen, you said you would rather die than say one word to get us into trouble, so he is bound to do anything that you choose to tell him."

"We'll make an effort for it, however," said Charles Tyrrell. "It is very late. Do you think if I were to send we should find them still up?"

"That you would," replied Hailes, "that you would; for Longly said he would not go to bed, till I sent up my boy Jim here, to tell him that you were safe."

"Well, then, my good boy," said Charles Tyrrell, laying his hand on the boy's head,

" run up, as fast you can, to Mr. Longly's, tell him that I am here, and that I wish very much he would come down and speak with me, bringing his daughter with him. If he can't come himself, see if Miss Longly can come. She'll not be afraid to come through the wood with you."

" Oh no, that she won't," said the boy. " I suppose I 'm not to tell anybody else but Captain Longly, that you are here."

" On no account whatever," replied Charles Tyrrell; and the boy's father added, " Keep a sharp look out that you 're not watched, Jim, and be as fast as you can."

The boy then went away, and when the door was closed behind him, Charles Tyrrell sat down upon the edge of the bed on which he had spent so many a painful and weary hour: but the conversation between him and Hailes was not continuously resumed. The youngest of the children, who had been awake when the young gentleman arrived, had now fallen asleep

as it sat, and the father lifted it to the bed, and laid it thereon, without even rousing it from its slumbers.

For nearly an hour then Charles and his companion sat without speaking, in the silent gloom of expectation. Nothing was heard but the low sighing of the wind along the sea, and the dash of the waves upon the shore, and nothing interrupted the stillness but a single broken question, and an answer as brief as possible.

At length somewhat after one o'clock in the morning, there came a gentle tap at the door, and Hailes, looking out at the cottage window, said,

"There's a woman, so I may open the door."

The moment it was opened Hannah Longly glided in with the boy, and advanced joyfully towards Charles Tyrrell. All the little coquetry of her manner and appearance was gone, and anxiety, grief, and suffering had given a higher

and more intellectual character to a countenance which had always been beautiful.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you free, Sir Charles," she said, "and so is my father to hear that you are so. He told me to say that he dare not come down, as there are people constantly watching him, but that you might tell me any thing you had to say, and only to lay your commands upon him, and they should be obeyed."

"Why to tell you the truth, Miss Longly," replied Charles Tyrrell, "it was you I wanted to speak to more than him. Will you forgive me for interfering a little with your affairs?"

"I am sure you never do so but in kindness, Sir Charles," she replied; "and as I am very unhappy, and have no one but my poor father who takes any interest in me, I shall thank you most deeply for any counsel and assistance."

"Well then," replied Charles Tyrrell, "to say the truth, I sent to seek you, because my

friend, Everard Morrison, will be here very speedily, and I do wish to see you on happy terms once more before I go."

Hannah blushed a good deal, and seemed very much embarrassed.

"Indeed," she said, "I 'm afraid I cannot wait—I ought to go very soon—indeed, I ought. I did not know he was coming," and evidently in great agitation, she burst into tears.

Charles Tyrrell took her hand kindly, saying,

"Come, come, do not be agitated, my dear young lady. We are all, at this moment, placed in circumstances of an extraordinary and trying kind, and we must not attempt to act, or even to think as we would in the smooth intercourse of ordinary life."

"Oh, but you do not know, Sir Charles," she said, "or you would not wish me to stay. You do not know that he sent a letter, proposing to me, and after I had unfortunately written back what I thought was right, came all this terrible business and my father's anger

with me, and then Mr. Morrison sent me a cold and cutting letter, telling me that, as circumstances were altered, he set me quite free of all engagements to him—you do not know all this, or I 'm sure you would not wish me to stay."

"I do know it all," replied Charles, "and yet I wish you to stay very much, Miss Longly. Everard still loves you dearly, and if I am not mistaken, so you do him."

She cast down her eyes, but replied nothing, and Charles Tyrrell went on,

"I must not have you throw away your happiness for the want of a little explanation. You will acknowledge, I am sure, that your conduct, unexplained, might well seem strange, and wrong."

"Oh, some part of it was certainly wrong," she said; "I did what was very wrong. I coquetted with that base young man, when I really loved another. I let vanity and foolishness get the better of me, Sir Charles, and bitterly have I been punished. But I never

entertained a thought of doing any real evil, and when I went down to meet him, it was with the thought of doing what was my duty, and what was right alone; for by that time, I had learned to hate him, and to despise myself for ever having given him any encouragement. My father would not hear me, when I wanted to explain, and I was always afraid of mentioning to any body else what was the pretence on which he lured me there, for fear of betraying my father's secrets."

"Well then," replied Charles Tyrrell, "for your own sake and for Everard's, take a strong resolution; explain to him all that you have explained to me. By means that you do not know, I can confirm every word that you say. Cast away pride, Miss Longly; remember that your happiness and his are both at stake, and that happiness, once cast away, is seldom—very seldom, if ever, regained."

"Ay, that is what I fear," replied Hannah, "I fear that it never can be regained. Do

you think then, that he is unhappy, Sir Charles?"

"I am sure of it," replied Charles; "I have seen it, and I know it, Miss Longly. I know that he is not only unhappy, but will be unhappy throughout his whole life, if you do not candidly and kindly remove the serious cause for unhappiness that he has, by explaining to him the conduct of one whom he still sincerely loves.

"Oh, if I thought he really loved me, and was unhappy," replied Hannah Longly, "I would do any thing to make him happy. I would tell him all. I would lay open to him my whole heart."

"That is all that is necessary," answered Charles Tyrrell. "Stay then till he comes, and then tell him all. Let him see that you do love him; make him understand that you have never loved any body else."

"But how could I begin," she said; "oh, I could never begin. He will come and look

cold, and take no notice of me, and I should die of shame and grief."

"No, no," replied Charles Tyrrell, "he will do no such thing. But at all events let me begin the conversation with him. When they come, you go into the next room. You shall hear every word I say, and will find that I do not do any thing to lower you, or to wound your pride."

"Oh, never mind pride," cried Hannah, Longly; "never mind pride. I have no pride now, Sir Charles Tyrrell. I once indeed had too much, and very weak pride it must have been; for a fortnight's sorrow has crushed it all entirely. Say any thing you think fit; I know you will say what is right, and neither fear to humble me nor to wound my pride. Only let him know that I am innocent of any evil or any evil intent, and that though for a single day I may have acted foolishly, yet it was with no intent of doing harm, and was soon repented of."

"Hark," said Hailes, before she had well done, "I hear a step upon the shingles. Jim,

run round into the other room, where it is dark, and look out of the window. I don't like to take out the board if I can help it, for then the light streams out, and some of those fellows on watch at the top of the cliff may see, and wonder what we are doing at this time of night."

The boy obeyed, and returned in a minute, while the step was still distinctly heard moving slowly along upon the loose stones.

"It is a man in a wrap-rascal," said the boy, "and I think he's got a cutlass under it, from what I see. But he's not coming near here, and is walking away to the eastward."

"That's awkward," said Hailes, "for that is just the way they're coming."

A long and anxious pause succeeded, and not a word was spoken by any one; each listening attentively long after the sound of the steps had died away. Nothing farther was heard for some time, however, and Hailes, after going into the next room to look out, returned, saying, that the beach was then all clear.

"The moon is just going down," he said,

"which is all the better for us. But I hope this young lady won't be long, for before an hour 's over, we ought to be afloat."

"Who do you take with you in the boat?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Nobody," said Hailes. "You must lend a hand yourself, Sir. I dare not trust any body, unless I 'm forced to it; for though the folks next door are just like ourselves you know, yet they are not quite ourselves either."

A moment after, rapid steps were heard upon the beach, and then came a quick tap at the door. Hannah Longly darted into the next room like lightning, and in another instant, Lucy Effingham, pale, agitated, and fatigued, was in Charles Tyrrell's arms. She shed no tears however, though there were the traces of many upon her cheeks; but the only words she could speak were,

"Oh, Charles, I hope I am not doing wrong!"

She had been followed into the cottage by Morrison, and the maid-servant, whose be-

wildered look evidently showed, that, notwithstanding all Mrs. Effingham's care, she was not fully prepared for the situation in which she was placed.

"We have been delayed for half an hour," said Morrison, "fearing to pass a man who kept walking up and down upon the beach just opposite the path where we were coming down. Luckily Miss Effingham saw him before he had seen us, and we waited till he went away round the point."

"You are terrified, my Lucy," said Charles. "I think we had better go off as soon as possible. You will feel yourself more in security when you are on board the ship."

"I shall never feel myself in security," replied Lucy, "till we have safely landed in France. You are going there direct, Charles, are you not?"

"No, Miss," replied Hailes, "we must go first to Guernsey where the ship 's going; but not because she 's going there either, for she would go any where we liked; but at Guernsey,

you see, we 're just as safe as if we were in France, and my brother, poor Bill, has a number of friends there, and so has Captain Long, for the matter of that. But however we must go to get passports, or letters of licence, or whatever they call them, to go into France, or we should risk being made prisoners, you know. The captain of the ship indeed has a letter* of licence for Bordeaux, where he often gets a good cargo of claret wine."

Charles Tyrrell whispered a word or two to Lucy, which brought the colour again into her cheeks; but she looked at him with the full confiding glance of love, and replied at once,

"Oh, Charles, I have no fear on earth in those respects. I would trust myself anywhere —everywhere with you. I have not a doubt— I have not a hesitation. But we had better

* These letters of licence were granted constantly by the French Government during the whole of the war, even at the very period of the strictest non-intercourse system established by Napoleon.

make haste, had we not, for I thought I saw the day beginning to dawn?"

"There is one thing, however," said Charles Tyrrell, "which I have to do before we go. Morrison, it concerns you. In the first place, you must beg my mother to take especial care of Hailes's wife and family, and to see that they want none of those comforts which they would have had, if he had remained to supply them by his industry. In the next place, Morrison, let me speak one word of yourself."

"Oh, there is no fear of me," replied Morrison, with a smile, mistaking his meaning. "I am a lawyer, you know, Tyrrell, and accustomed to tricks of all kinds; so that I have taken such precautions as quite to secure myself. They can prove nothing against me."

"You mistake me, Everard," replied his friend. "It is a matter of even greater importance I wish to speak of. It is a matter on which depends your happiness for life."

Morrison made a sign, as if he would have

stopped him, and turned away his head, but Charles Tyrrell continued, without heeding the distaste he evinced for the subject.

"Nay, nay, Morrison," he said, "you have shown me great and disinterested friendship—you have rendered me a most important service, and so also must I act to you. Let me ask you one question, Morrison."

"What is it?" said Morrison: "but indeed, Tyrrell, arguments upon such subjects as you are going to speak of, are of no use. My line of conduct is determined on."

"Determined then, I fear, for your own unhappiness," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but however my question is this:—if a person whom you dearly love should do some act, which you, without knowing all the circumstances, were to judge wrong, and you were thereupon to treat a person who loves you, harshly and unkindly, what would be your conduct afterwards, on discovering that that person had acted with the best and highest motives, and on the purest and most straightforward views?"

"Were such a case applicable to me," replied Morrison, "I would take her to my heart at once, or rather fall upon my knees and beseech her to pardon me.—But such, however, cannot be the case with me; even her own father, Tyrrell, even her own father ——"

"Judged of her as wrongly as you did, Morrison," replied Charles Tyrrell.

Lucy had looked on with interest; and, with that peculiar talent which women so eminently possess for discovering, almost by intuition, the particulars of every thing that relates to love, she had formed a very accurate idea of the principal circumstances to which Charles Tyrrell alluded. Charles, who saw her face full of intelligence as he spoke, whispered a word or two to her, and without reply she glided into the next room, while he went on still addressing Morrison.

"I think, Everard," he said, "that you know me well enough to be sure that no consideration on earth—no mistaken kindness—no weak view of removing dissension would induce me to say

one word that is not strictly consonant with truth. I now tell you, and pledge you my word of honour, partly from my own personal knowledge—partly from what Hailes, here present, has told me, that you have been entirely mistaken and deceived, in regard to the behaviour of Miss Longly, and here she is to answer for herself at once. It is my full opinion, Everard, that you owe her an apology, for she has suffered much, and greatly for that in which she was not at all in fault."

While he was speaking, the voice of Lucy Effingham was heard persuading, though with great difficulty, Hannah Longly to come forth from the other room. She succeeded, however, in leading her out, half clinging to her for support — half drawing back in shame and apprehension.

The moment he saw her, Morrison's feelings were not indeed changed, because it was with those very feelings that he had had to struggle, in doing what he believed to be a duty to himself —but all those feelings revived in full force

at the sight of her he loved so much, and he advanced at once immediately towards her, for no eloquence that Charles Tyrrell could have used at that moment, would have been half so efficacious in pleading the cause of Hannah Longly, as the young lawyer's own heart. He held out his hand to her, and Hannah, with many a deep blush, put her's in his.

"What is this mistake, Hannah," he said, "which has deceived both your father and me, and made me very unhappy?"

"My father is undeceived now," said Hannah, "and so would you too if you had listened to me."

Hannah Longly seemed to feel that she had regained her power, and perhaps there was a little inclination in her heart to use it, in order to punish her lover, even for doubting her. But her heart had been chastened by adversity; and though she might have triumphed a little in former days, under such circumstances, she now checked even the inclination to do so, and determined to be happy herself in the reconci-

liation which she was sure would take place, and to make him so too as far as she could.

Morrison, however, felt that he was in some degree put upon his trial, and of course began his defence.

"I was told, Hannah," he said, "and told even by your father, that you had gone out secretly and alone, to meet one of the most profligate and worthless of men; a man who degraded the character of an officer in the navy, to become a spy as well as an informer, to betray the very person of whose hospitality he partook, and whom you well knew, at the time you saw him, dared not set his foot within your father's doors—that you went out to meet him, I say."

"But, why did I go out to meet him?" demanded Hannah, eagerly; "did they tell you that? No, Everard, because even at that time my father would not hear me; even when I did send him word, he would not believe me till he heard it from the man's own mouth. But the reason I did go was because he wrote to me

to say, that there was only one means of saving my father from being utterly ruined by what he called extents from the Exchequer, which I had often heard my father too speak of with apprehension. He said that there was only one means to save him, and that if I would come out to meet him at the place he mentioned, he would tell me what that means was. I was foolish to believe him, I acknowledge; but I saw by what had taken place on the very day I got his note, by poor William Hailes, and all the rest, being dragged away to prison, how much power he had to do harm when he liked it; and I did go to meet him, I acknowledge: but when he told me that the only means to save my father, was to go with him to Guernsey, to be married to him there—" She looked steadily in the young lawyer's face for a moment, and then added, " when he told me this, I thought of Everard Morrison; and I refused to go, let the consequences to me and mine be what they would. I may have been foolish, Everard, I

know I have been silly and weak in many things, but in this, at least, I do not think I was in the wrong."

Morrison threw his arms round her, and kissed her cheek.

"I have done you wrong, Hannah," he said, "I have done you wrong—I want no confirmation of your story but your own word. I believe you fully, and I beg your pardon for ever having doubted you."

"You may have confirmation enough, Master Morrison," said Hailes, "for I heard that young scoundrel acknowledge the whole of the story just before he ——"

Charles Tyrrell held up his finger, quickly exclaiming, "Hush!" and Hailes remembering that neither Hannah herself—nor Lucy—nor the maid, were acquainted with the facts to which he was about to allude, paused abruptly, only adding, "well, I heard him acknowledge it, every word, that's enough, and so did Captain Longly."

"And I heard a portion of it, though not the

whole," said Charles Tyrrell, "from the officer of the cutter, who told me that if it had not been for his interposition, that young scoundrel would have forced her down to the boat."

"And I," added Hannah, "can produce the letter which he wrote to me, if you are at all incredulous, Everard, a letter that he dare not deny."

"He'll not deny or acknowledge any thing more," muttered Hailes to himself; and Everard replied,

"I am not at all incredulous, dear Hannah, I believe every word you speak, and I will try to make amends for ever having doubted you."

There now came a momentary pause. Hailes looked at Charles Tyrrell, saying—

"I think we had better be getting under weigh, Sir. We have lost a good deal of time, and the ship is lying to for you."

As he spoke, the poor fellow turned his eyes upon his children, the one still sleeping on the bed, the other as much awake as ever; and then, going into the inner room to kiss the infant that

was in its cradle, he came out with his eyes somewhat red. He then stooped down and spoke a few words in a low tone to his eldest boy, kissed his forehead, and prayed God to bless him.

The boy, who seemed to understand it all, was drowned in tears; but he spoke calmly to his father, saying—

"I would rather have gone with you, father; but if I can help my mother, of course I will stay."

"Who's to take care of the others, Jem," said his father, "till your mother comes back? Look to them well, Jem, and be a good boy; and I'll very soon come back to you, or you shall come to me. Now stay here every one, while I and Mr., that is Sir Charles Tyrrell, go and get the boat fully afloat."

Charles accompanied him at once. The moon had gone down when they issued forth upon the beach; the sun had not risen, and though there were some slight grey streaks upon the horizon's edge towards the east, the world

was all in darkness: for a slight haze prevented even the stars from being seen, so that it was in vain that Charles and his companion gazed out on either side along the beach, to ascertain if it were now solitary. They found the boat very nearly afloat, and seeing that a slight effort was all that was required to launch it into the waves, they returned immediately for Lucy and the maid.

The small packages which they had brought with them, with some different articles of dress belonging to Charles Tyrrell, which Everard Morrison had had the forethought to prepare and send to the cottage, were first brought down and thrown into the boat, and then pressing Morrison's hand Charles Tyrrell bade him good bye, and left him to escort Hannah at once to her own home, without waiting at the cottage, lest the departure of the boat should attract attention, and the cottage be searched.

Lucy had been very much agitated in parting with her mother; but, perhaps, the most agitating moment of all had now arrived, when she had to quit her native land, to bid adieu to every

former scene and association—to break the tie between herself and all that she had loved and cherished in the former portion of her existence; to begin a new and unknown state of being, with clouds of the darkest hue and most threatening character in every part of the sky. Though she did not weep, she trembled violently as Charles Tyrrell led her down to the beach.

Her maid was very much agitated too; but the woman was blessed with one of those minds which have the consolation of trifles, and a packet missing, for which she had to run back to the cottage, was an inestimable benefit to her.

When they reached the margin of the sea, Charles took Lucy in his arms like a child, and carried her through the water to the boat. Hailes performed the same office for the maid, and then the good fisherman lingered for a moment, once more to kiss and call a blessing on his boy.

But a sound that he heard upon the beach

caused him to cut his farewell short. It was that of a quick step coming along the shingles and the form of a man was clearly discerned, running with all speed towards them. The fisherman ran into the water to the boat as fast as possible, and he and Charles Tyrrell using their united strength to push her off, she was afloat in a moment. The boy had run back to the cottage, but the man who had been seen approaching came up at full speed, shouting,

"Boat, ahoy! boat, ahoy! I want to go off to the ship."

"Perhaps he really does," said Charles Tyrrell.

"Push off, push off," said Hailes, in a low voice, and with an agitated manner; but, then immediately shouted in a louder tone, "I 'll take you when I come back again;" but still, while the boat got rapidly out to sea, he looked back towards the shore, and then, much to the surprise of Charles Tyrrell, said, "He's not coming—He's not coming!"

"He's not coming!" echoed Charles Tyrrell. "What do you mean, Hailes, he would be drowned."

Hailes made no answer, and Charles Tyrrell applied himself to comfort and support his fair Lucy. Agitation, terror, and sorrow had by this time completely overpowered her, and while Charles supported her with his arm, and held her hand in his, she leaned her head upon his bosom, and for several minutes indulged in silent tears. The sea, however, was by no means rough; the grey of the morning was changing into purple; the haze which had obscured the sky cleared away, and a bright star was seen walking in beauty before the coming sun.

"Look, dear Lucy, look!" said Charles Tyrrell, pointing to the star on which she turned her dewy eyes at his bidding, "surely that is hope."

CHAPTER XX.

THE sun had risen high, the day was bright and beautiful, the green sea was just curled by a light breeze, and the schooner (of which, by the way, Captain Longly was undoubtedly a principal owner) skimmed quickly but easily over the waters. Having no nautical knowledge, we shall leave all the particulars of the sailing of the ship to the imagination of our readers, which in all probability will do much more for it than any thing that we could do, and confine our attention solely to the persons in whose fate we have already endeavoured to interest the world.

Charles Tyrrell and Lucy had been received by the master of the schooner with every sort of bluff attention and respect. A high price had

been agreed upon for their passage—a strong recommendation had come from the much reverenced Captain Longly, and Lucy and her lover now sat together near the side of the vessel, while the maid, below, with a predetermination of being sick, was indulging her fancy in that respect, and good John Hailes walked up and down the deck as a passenger, and for the first time in his life perhaps turned his eyes to the receding shores of his native land with grief, regret, and hopelessness.

When they had thus gone on some way, and their escape seemed perfectly certain, Charles Tyrrell beckoned Hailes towards him, and spoke to him for a moment in a low voice. The man replied aloud,

"Oh! yes, yes, Sir, certainly. God bless you, Sir; we are too grateful to you a great deal, for having hidden the matter for such a time, at the risk of your own life, to wish you to hide it any longer. Both I and Captain Longly told Master Morrison to say, you might do just as you pleased, but I'm sure my young lady here

ought to know. I wonder you did not tell her before."

"I had taken the resolution," replied Charles Tyrrell, "not to tell any body one word till either I was out of England, or you and Longly were. But, however, I may tell her now without any breach of confidence."

He then resumed his seat by Lucy Effingham, and told her for the first time the history of his adventures on that day, when, after a violent dispute with his father, he left Sir Francis in the library and hurried away into the park, as we have before shewn.

The tale is not very long, but it required various other little incidents to be mingled with it, and we shall not relate it, therefore, exactly in Charles Tyrrell's own words, but endeavour to abbreviate it as much as possible.

While lying ill at the cottage of Hailes, the fisherman, Charles Tyrrell had been as kindly tended by Hannah Longly, as by any other of the inhabitants of the fisherman's abode, and as he recovered, he heard from Hailes himself a

considerable part of her history, which he instantly connected in his own mind with what the officer of the revenue cutter had told him concerning Lieutenant Hargrave's attempt to carry her off. He found that she was now an exile from the house of her father, whose indignation at her having listened for a moment to a spy, and an informer, as he termed young Hargrave, was so great, that he vowed she should never enter his doors again. Nothing was said respecting Everard Morrison; and Charles Tyrrell, believing that although Hannah might possibly have acted rather imprudently, she was not near so much to blame as to call upon her head so severe a punishment, determined to do what he could to reconcile Longly to his daughter, by telling him what he had heard of her conduct from the officer of the revenue cutter.

As soon as he was well enough to ride out, he visited Longly's house several times, but found his undertaking much more difficult to accomplish than he had anticipated. Sometimes Longly could not be found, and at another time

there was somebody else present; and even when Charles, at length, had an opportunity of speaking with him in private, he met with a far greater degree of stern and dogged resistance in the old sailor than he had expected.

From him, however, he learned two things somewhat important in their way—in the first place, that Lieutenant Hargrave had been hovering round that neighbourhood ever since the duel; which fact confirmed his suspicions, as to the quarter whence his father, Sir Francis Tyrrell, had derived intelligence of an event which was unknown in Oxford; and in the second place, that, on the very day previous to her meeting with young Hargrave, Hannah had received and accepted a proposal from his own friend, Everard Morrison, with which her father had been highly delighted.

Captain Longly, however, now swore that he would not let her marry an honest man like Morrison, even if Everard himself were still inclined to take her; and there were mingled with Longly's speeches, in regard to him he called that

Jackanapes Hargrave, dark hints of some purposes of revenge upon him, which somewhat alarmed Charles Tyrrell.

To interfere between Everard and Hannah, was a thing that Charles Tyrrell would never have dreamed of attempting, unless fully and entirely convinced that she had not behaved ill. But still he laboured hard to reconcile her to her father, feeling that the harshness of his conduct was likely to drive her to evil by despair.

He seemed to make some impression upon Longly at length, and ere he left him the day before the fatal catastrophe of the death of Sir Francis Tyrrell, the old Captain shook him heartily by the hand, and thanked him for what he had done.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Tyrrell," he said, "I am going to send down to John Hailes, at whose house the girl is this afternoon, and I'll hear what Hailes says about the matter—so you see, I'm coming up close to the park to-morrow, about a little business, and if you'll meet me just at the park-stile, at half-past eleven o'clock,

exactly—I'll tell you the last word of my mind, as you take an interest in the silly girl. Mind don't be later than half-past eleven, for I 've got business to settle in a quarter of an hour or so afterwards, and must be off."

Charles Tyrrell promised; and as it struck him, that if Longly and his daughter could once be brought to meet again, they might easily be reconciled, he wrote a note to Hailes immediately, and sent it to his cottage, telling him of his wishes; informing him that Longly had promised to meet him at the park-stile, and begging him to bring Hannah Longly there, in the hope of reconciling her to her father.

Two things, however, prevented Hailes from following his direction; the first of which was, that Hailes himself could not read a word of the letter, and was obliged to apply to Hannah to read it for him; and she, terrified at her father's anger, refused to go without his knowledge. The second was, that Hailes, that night, had a conversation with Longly himself, which precluded the possibility of his obeying. That

conversation, though we certainly cannot do full justice to it, we shall attempt to give, at least in part, as it was somewhat curious and characteristic.

"Well, old John Hailes," said Longly, as soon as the other entered his abode, "I want you to lend a hand in a matter, to-morrow, that, mayhap, you never meddled with before in your life."

"What is it, Captain?" demanded Hailes; "anything that I can do to serve you, I'm sure I will, with all my heart and soul."

"Why, the matter is this, Hailes," said Longly, "I'll not live a minute longer than I can help, without having my revenge on that fellow Hargrave; and I'm resolved to have satisfaction, like a gentleman. Why shouldn't I, as well as another, though I fought my own ship and he fought the King's, and d——d badly too, if all stories were true. However, I know well enough, that if I were to sit down, like another, and write him a note, saying, 'Mr. Longly's compliments to Lieutenant Hargrave,

looks upon him as a scoundrel, and will be obliged to him to give him satisfaction—he'd shirk the business, and talk about his being a King's officer; so I just copied out what I saw in a newspaper, and sent him, saying, 'If Lieutenant Hargrave will be under the park-wall of Sir Francis Tyrrell's park, at twelve o'clock to-morrow, precisely, he will hear of something to his advantage;' and I wrote down below, 'If he does'nt like coming alone he can bring a friend with him.' I gave it to a shrewd boy to carry, and told him not to tell him who it came from; and the little rascal made up a story for himself, and told him it was a lady had given it to him. So he'll come, you may be sure, Hailes, and if once I get him under the park-wall, he shall have his choice of the pistols, and stand a long-shot, or I 'll know the reason why. So I want you, John, to come and be a witness, and see that I do every thing fair, and let him have his shot before I take mine."

Hailes agreed, very willingly, to go; for

without attempting to define the idea in his own mind, of absolutely killing Lieutenant Hargrave, the good fisherman could not have conceived a more pleasurable excursion than one, the object of which was to punish a person whom he considered as a most odious villain.

The matter was all arranged, and Longly set out, to be at the park-stile, which was at some distance from the spot he had appointed for his meeting with Hargrave, in time to hold the conference he proposed with Charles Tyrrell.

That gentleman, as we have seen, was delayed some time by the dispute with his father, and some time longer by finding the door of the garden, through which he had intended to take his way, locked, and the key taken out, instead of being, as usual, wide open. When he arrived at the park-stile, then, he found nobody on the spot; but he heard some voices talking loudly, at some distance, and fearing that Hannah and her father had met, without any person

present who might have sufficient influence to bring about a reconciliation between them, he hastened on, as fast as possible, towards the spot from which the sounds appeared to come.

What was his surprise, when, on arriving at the ground, he found Longly, with a pistol in one hand, insisting upon Lieutenant Hargrave taking the other, which he held out to him, and John Hailes standing by, with the pistol-case, an extraordinary and not very expert second. Hargrave was as pale as death, and as Charles came up, he heard him say,—

"Sir, your design is to murder me, I see it clearly—to murder me for doing my duty as a British officer, and giving information of a gang of smugglers, of which you are the head. You may commit the murder, if you will; but it shall be all upon your head; for I will not countenance it by taking the pistol. I have done my duty, and that is enough; and I must take the consequences."

"Come, come, Master Lieutenant, that won't do," replied Captain Longly. "What I demand

satisfaction for, is for nothing to do with the smuggling, but for coming to my house and trying to seduce my daughter, and making her go away to meet you in the wood."

"I declare to heaven," cried young Hargrave, "she 's as innocent as you are."

"Ay, ay, innocent enough, I dare say," replied Longly; "if I thought she was'nt I'd pitch her into the sea. But it 's not for want of your trying to make her otherwise, and that 's what I demand satisfaction for."

"You demand satisfaction!" cried Hargrave, his blood beginning to get up; "what right have you to ask for satisfaction of a King's officer? Oh, here is Mr. Tyrrell, come, I suppose, to aid and abet in this business."

But Longly replied at once, without taking any notice of Charles Tyrrell for the moment,—

"What right have I to demand satisfaction!" he said, looking for the time really dignified, "I'll tell you what right I have, Mr. Hargrave; first, I have fought the enemies of my country oftener and better than yourself; next,

you have come, of your own good-will, to dine at my table; you have borrowed money out of my purse; you have shaken my hand, and owned that I was a good friend to you; and if I was good enough to be your friend when you behaved well, I am quite good enough to be your adversary now that you have behaved ill; so you shan't slink off under your quality, like a lousy Dutch lugger under British colours. Mr. Tyrrell, you didn't come to your time; but I 'll talk to you in a minute, after I 've settled with this fellow."

"Longly, Longly, think what you are doing," said Charles Tyrrell, coming up closer, "you are very much in the wrong, depend upon it."

"Why do you, too, mean to say that I am not as much entitled to satisfaction as any gentleman amongst you all?" demanded Longly. "I 'll tell you what, Mr. Tyrrell ——"

But Charles Tyrrell interrupted him.

"I do not mean to say that you have no right. If we have a title to make fools of

ourselves at all, I 'm sure I do not see why one person should not do it as well as another; but the matter is this, Longly; here, in the case of Mr. Hargrave you have two offences mingled up together, and you never can separate them, either in your mind or in the eye of the law. He, I understand, informed against you in regard to some matter of smuggling, which has not been proved; and though he may have behaved very ill in other respects, yet, depend upon it, it will always be considered that you sought revenge for that offence, and if you shoot him, you 'll be hung, to a certainty."

"I don't care a ——," replied Longly; "I say it 's about his conduct to my daughter that I 've brought him here, and he shall fight me, or I and John Hailes here will turn him round, and kick him from this spot to the town and all down the High Street, which will be a pleasant thing, won't it, for one of the King's officers, as he calls himself; so you may stay and see if you like it, for what I 've said I 'll do."

"Oh, I shall certainly not stay a moment

longer," replied Charles Tyrrell; "I cannot prevent you; but I have warned you how wrong you are;" and turning on his heel he walked back towards the stile over which he had come, just as Lieutenant Hargrave, who was growing angry, was chiming in with a reply not at all likely to soothe the indignation of the other.

Before Charles Tyrrell had gone a hundred yards, however, he heard some one exclaim, "Make ready! present! fire!" which was instantly followed by the discharge of a pistol. He could not resist the temptation to turn round and look, and he beheld Longly and his adversary standing at the distance of about twelve yards from each other. A pistol was in Lieutenant Hargrave's hand, and his arm dropped by his side as if he had just discharged it. At the same time Longly's arm was extended, and at the very moment that Charles Tyrrell turned round, there came a flash from the pistol, a quick report, and Lieutenant Hargrave staggered, fell upon his knee,

struggled up again, and then fell back at full length upon the ground.

Charles immediately ran up, and joined Longly and Hailes, who had gathered round the body. The unfortunate young man drew one or two convulsive gasps after Charles Tyrrell arrived, but he uttered not a word; and though he once or twice opened his eyes, it was evidently with no consciousness of any thing that surrounded him. In a moment after, he gave a sharp shudder, the small remains of colour in his once florid countenance was succeeded by an awful ashy paleness; and though it was afterwards found, as we have seen from Hailes's account, that he revived twice before the spirit finally departed, Charles Tyrrell and his companions were fully convinced that he was dead at that very time.

They all gazed on him for a moment as he lay stretched upon the grass, and then Longly turned to the young gentleman, saying,

"Now, Mr. Tyrrell, if you think as you did just now, you have nothing to do but to go and

send down people to take us up. As for any wrong I 've done my heart 's at rest; I 've given him the first shot at myself, and if he was such a fool and such a coward as not to be able to hit such a great grampus as I am, that 's not my fault. But he 's had fair play and a good distance, and so help me God, when I come to lie like him, as I have thought of nothing throughout this morning, but his shameful conduct to my poor motherless girl; so now go if you will, and send down constables for us, for if I 'm to be hanged, I 've had something for it at least."

"No, no, Longly," replied Charles Tyrrell, holding out his hand to him; "I will betray no man, and give you my honour, unless I am put upon my oath against you, will never say one word of what I have seen this day. I am sorry for you, Longly, for I fear the time will come that you will bitterly repent what you have done."

"Not I, not I!" replied Longly; "I have done nothing but what 's right, and what he well deserved; but I always knew you were

a gentleman and a man of honour, Mr. Tyrrell, and I 'm very much obliged to you, for you see if you hold your tongue, nobody need know any thing about this business. There 's a man here, living not many hundred yards off, in whom I can trust, and if we can but get the body there without being caught, we can stow it away, and nothing more be said about it."

A slight shudder came over Charles Tyrrell's frame, and he replied:

"With that, of course, I can have nothing to do, Longly, but in every thing else you may depend upon me. I will in no degree betray you, for I feel for you, even though I think you are wrong."

"No, no;" replied Longly, "of course you can have nothing to do with the business, so the sooner you are gone the better. God bless you, Sir, and make you happy."

And without reply Charles Tyrrell turned once more, and hurrying along under the park wall re-entered the domain, not by the stile at which he was to have met Longly, but by

that which led to the end of the lady-walk. With his mind filled with painful images from what he had seen, he returned to the house and traversed the library, as we have before seen, without speaking to Mr. Driesen, or indeed holding communication with any one, till he had entered his own room and locked the door, that he might have a few minutes to calm his mind, and think without interruption over what had occurred.

He had remained there for some time, before he perceived that in raising up the head and shoulders of the unhappy young man, whom he had just seen slain, both his hands and shooting jacket had been stained with blood; and, though he did not think it necessary to take any means of removing the spots from the shooting jacket, he washed his hands with a feeling of horror and disgust at finding them dabbled all over with human gore.

He had scarcely finished, when Mr. Driesen knocked at his door, and, feeling himself perfectly innocent, he opened it without hesitation.

Of the affair between Longly and young Hargrave he heard no more, till he himself became the tenant of a prison. But the news of what had occurred at Harbury Park spread through the country, and was bruited in all the newspapers. Before two days were over Longly found that Charles had suffered a verdict of "Wilful murder" to be returned against him, and had allowed himself to be carried to prison, rather than declare where he had spent that time, which he, Longly, himself could but too well account for; and, moreover, that his hands and coat had appeared stained with blood, which he, Longly, himself had shed.

As soon as this was known to him, he sent off for young Morrison, and the result we have already seen.

Such was the tale that Charles Tyrrell had to tell to Lucy Effingham, as she sat beside him on the deck of the vessel; and in telling it, though he softened some of the circumstances as far as possible, and entered into none of the minute details which had pained and horrified

himself, he told her enough to agitate her by very different emotions; by joy and satisfaction to find that there existed a power of proving his innocence beyond all doubt, yet mingled with horror and dismay by his account of scenes, into the passions producing which, a gentle woman's heart could but feebly enter.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE morning passed over brightly and tranquilly; the sea was calm, the sky, with the exception of a few faint grey streaks scattered about it in different directions, was quite clear, the wind favourable, though not full, and nothing was seen over the face of the ocean, but a few scattered fishing boats, and the distant gleam of white sails making their way to various points upon the horizon. There was a quietness in the scene, a peaceful mildness in the aspect of the treacherous sea, which brought a calm to the bosom of Lucy Effingham and Charles Tyrrell. They felt as if the time which had passed before, had been a period of turmoil and vexation, of grief, care, and anguish, and

as if now had begun another state, as if this was the first day of a tranquil existence.

Towards three o'clock, however, not exactly to windward, but somewhat more to the south-east, the blue of the sky, which had extended at first clear and distinct from the zenith to the horizon, began to change to a sort of lead colour, as it approached the verge of the sea. As the time went on, it grew deeper and deeper in hue, not separate, and defined from the rest of the sky, but blending into the blue as it approached the zenith, yet at the height of a few degrees above the waves presenting the colour of a dark cloud. Across this, too, there began to appear small detached masses of a cloud of a different colour, a whitish or silvery grey; and Hailes and the Captain, who had passed the greater part of the day in walking up and down the deck, side by side, paused and looked out in that direction several times, commenting on what they saw with laconic briefness.

Another object, however, soon after attracted their attention, which was a vessel right to

windward, with all sails set, and coming up apparently with a much stronger breeze than they themselves possessed. The captain of the ship watched the coming vessel for a minute or two through his telescope, and then handed it to Hailes, who watched her accurately, also, for some time, and then replied to something that the master had said to him, "Yes, she is," and added a very unnecessary oath.

The captain again took the glass, and after having resumed his examination for some time, he turned round and gave orders for making more sail. These orders were promptly obeyed, and ere they had been executed long the wind began to freshen. The sea at the same time became somewhat rougher, and the schooner cut through the water with far greater rapidity.

Charles Tyrrell began to be a little apprehensive, judging, from what he remarked, that the Captain found greater reason to hurry his voyage, than he had at first anticipated. Leaving Lucy for a moment, he approached Hailes,

and asked him, in a low tone, what vessel that was they had been looking at.

"She is the revenue cutter," said Hailes; "at least I think so, by the cut of her sails."

"Is there any chance of her coming up with us?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Oh, bless you, no, Sir," replied he. "As for sailing, we'll out-sail any cutter in the service; but I've heard say, that she'll go nearer to the wind, than any vessel that ever was seen, and you see it's looking a little dirty to the south-east."

Charles returned to Lucy, not more at ease than before; but she seemed to have no idea of danger, and, feeling no sickness, enjoyed the sight of the waves dashing past the schooner's sides, as she cut her way straight through the midst of them. Charles Tyrrell, of course, said nothing to rouse her apprehensions; but he could not refrain, from time to time, from turning his eyes to the vessel that was following, and which he felt sure was gaining upon them in some degree. As the wind freshened every

moment, however, and more sail was set, the schooner made greater and greater way through the water; but the motion of the vessel was greatly increased, and the captain advised the young lady to go below. Lucy assured him that she was very well; but he replied,

"You'll soon have to go down, Ma'am, however; for I think it'll rain before night—ay, and very soon too."

The captain's words were prophetic, for ere half an hour more was over it did begin to rain, blowing at the same time very hard, so that the spray was dashed over the whole deck, and rendered it no longer a pleasant station for a lady.

As it now wanted not long to night, Lucy agreed to go down into the cabin, though the heat below was oppressive, and she felt a greater degree of confidence and security when she saw what was passing around her. She gave way to no weak fears, however, though the novelty of her situation, the extreme motion of the vessel, the gale that was beginning to blow hard upon

shore, and various other circumstances which she might have remarked, might well have afforded cause for apprehension to a person by nature less timid than herself. But Lucy had, as we have said, much command over her own mind; and though her imagination was quick, she would not suffer it to dwell upon any circumstances that might unnerve her; but, both for the sake of Charles Tyrrell and herself, would give way to nothing but hope, unless it were that more confident trust in Providence which never abandoned her.

After remaining with her some time in the cabin, which was rendered less pleasant, or rather more unpleasant than it otherwise would have been, by the piteous sighings and groanings of the maid, Charles Tyrrell went again upon deck, to see how every thing was going on. He found both Hailes and the master looking somewhat anxious, and, on questioning the former more closely, he found that the vessel, which was still distinctly to be seen following, was ascertained to be the revenue cutter, and

that she was decidedly in chase of them. The wind had shifted a little, and blew stronger than ever, and though we cannot describe the manœuvre which the king's ship was performing in the proper nautical language, yet we can tell the impression which Hailes's account produced upon the mind of Charles Tyrrell, and which was, that the cutter, by some peculiar quality in her sailing, was trying to get out farther to sea than the schooner, and to keep her nearer the land with a lee shore and a strong wind.

Hailes, however, rubbed his hands, when he concluded his account, saying,

"We'll beat them yet; for you see this schooner will go through what they can't go through, for the life of them."

Charles Tyrrell, however, went down to Lucy with a heavy heart. He saw evidently that greater danger and discomforts were awaiting his course than he had anticipated, and he blamed himself severely for having persuaded Lucy to take a share in such a fate as that which seemed likely to befall him.

It was now beginning to turn dark, the ship was heeling fearfully, with the press of canvass and the strength of the wind, and it was impossible for Lucy to conceal from herself that it was blowing a gale, that they were going with the most tremendous rapidity, and that there was a terrible sea running.

Charles endeavoured to amuse her as much as he could, and talked upon every subject that he thought would interest her, speaking with hope and expectation of the morrow, and pointing tenderly, and yet ardently, to the time when she should become his own, and the happiness of each be linked for ever with that of the other. Of course this was the subject of all others the most likely to interest them both; but still he could not help seeing that sometimes, when a sharp sea struck the ship, and made every timber in the whole frame thereof quiver, Lucy fixed an anxious gaze upon his face, as if she would fain have inquired, Is there any danger?

At length, towards nine o'clock, he said,

"Well, dear Lucy, I will go up and see how we are going on. It is a very rough night for so young a sailor as you are; but do not be alarmed, my beloved; I feel confident that we shall get through it all."

On arriving upon the deck, Charles found the night indeed tremendous. It was raining hard, the wind was coming in sharp, heavy gusts, the shore was seen distinctly within no very great distance of the ship, and the schooner itself was bounding on through the waters, like some terrified bird cutting through the air in full flight. The night was not so dark as might have been expected, however; for the full moon, though hidden by the clouds, still gave some degree of light, and Charles Tyrrell, looking out for the vessel, which he had seen in chase of them, thought he could distinguish it farther out to sea than that which bore him; but much nearer than it had appeared before.

He had scarcely been five minutes upon the deck, however, when he was confirmed in the supposition, by a bright flash seen in that direc-

tion, followed by the heavy roar of a cannon, mingling with the sobbing of the wind.

"Ay, fire away," said Hailes, "fire away. We 'll see you at the bottom first. This is an awkward job, Mr. Tyrrell," he said, "a devilish awkward job."

"It 's a terrible night indeed," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but do you think there is any immediate danger of the ship?"

"Oh, it 's not the night at all," replied Hailes. "It 's bad enough, to be sure; but I 've gone through twenty worse nights than this; but it is that cursed cutter. You see, all we could do, she 's got the better of us. If we can get round the nose, you see, and across the bay, without getting aground on the spit, we shall do well enough, and send her to the devil. But the wind 's blowing dead ashore. She can go far nearer to the wind than we can, and I doubt very much whether she won't drive us into the bay; and there, you know, she has us safe."

"And what is to be done then?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Why, that is what I don't know, Sir," replied Hailes; "but I think you had better come and speak to the Captain, and ask him. He 's at the wheel."

Charles Tyrrell accordingly walked up with Hailes, and put his question as briefly as possible; for he saw that all the master's energies were at work, and required also, in the steering of the ship.

"What is to be done, Captain?" he said.

"Why, upon my soul, Sir," replied the Captain, "I don't know. I 've done my best for you, and no man can do more. I 've risked the ship in a way she was never risked before. If we get round the nose, I am afraid it 's all that we can possibly do. Unless the wind changes within ten minutes, I see no chance whatever of getting across the bay. Give me two points to the eastward, and I will do it, if all the cutters in the world were to try to stop me; but

with the wind where it now is, the thing's next to impossible."

"But if you are driven into the bay," said Charles Tyrrell, "let me know what ——"

"The only thing for you to do, Sir," said the Captain, "will be, to get into the boat with the lady and Hailes, land as fast as possible, and get across the headland to the little town of Wrexton, as early as possible to-morrow morning. I will lie to in the bay all night. The next morning the cutter 'll send her boats aboard, and make a search, but your being out of the ship, I don't care, for I 've got no cargo; and then, as soon as that is over, and she 's sailed, I 'll come round, and lay to off Wrexton for you."

"Then do you think," said Charles Tyrrell, "that the ship is in pursuit of me?"

"To be sure, Sir—to be sure," replied the Captain. "The smuggling is the thing they 'll talk about, but it 's you they 're after; for they know very well I 've no cargo. Mayhap, indeed,

they think Captain Longly's on board, knowing that he's a part owner, and looking after him very sharp, I understand just now."

"Breakers ahead! breakers ahead!" cried a loud voice from the bow of the vessel, and the Captain slightly depressed the wheel.

"I 'll talk to you in a minute, Sir," he said, and Charles Tyrrell, looking forward, saw that indeed it was a moment, when the whole attention of the man at the helm was required, to steer the vessel in safety. Right before the ship was a long ridge of white foam, stretching out far into the sea, while on the leeward bow there was indeed a space where no such formidable appearance presented itself; but then, at a distance, so short that it appeared scarcely a hundred yards from the schooner, rose, in the shape of a promontory, a pile of gigantic, black cliffs to the north-west, against which the waves were dashing with fearful violence, and sending up the foam in white flashes over the dark, awful face of the rock. The wind was still blowing a gale from the south, and the ship

heeling so, that even the sailors could not keep their feet without holding; the deck of the vessel was literally under water, as she cut through, rather than rose over, the waves, and straight on upon the breakers the Captain seemed to be directing their course.

Not a word was now spoken by any one, and it was an awful moment, till at length, the loud voice of the Captain shouted forth, "Now stand to your tackle!"

The roaring of the breakers a-head, and the dashing of the waves upon the cliffs to the south, was distinctly heard above the howling of the wind; but as the Captain spoke, by a rapid movement of his hands upon the wheel the course of the vessel was altered, her head brought round more to the rock, and shooting through the deep water, like an arrow from a bow, she left the breakers to windward, and neared the point of the promontory.

There was another anxious pause, as she cut her way, on coming nearer and nearer to the rock; but the Captain's eye was fixed upon it, and

rushing on with awful rapidity, she passed at what seemed less than half a cable's length; and to the relief of all who watched, the line of coast on the other side of the promontory was seen running off to the north-east, in the form of a deep and sheltered bay.

"There," said the Captain, when the point was rounded—"there! there is not a vessel on this coast would have done that but the Hannah. Here, Tom, take the helm!" and without resuming his conversation with Charles Tyrrell, he took a night glass, and looked out to windward after the cutter.

"Well, it is wonderful!" he said at length, "I can't think it natural to see any thing going almost right in the teeth of the wind. But I can tell that fellow what—if he have not got the devil on board, he'll be upon the Hog's back before an hour's over. Howsoever, Sir," he continued, turning to his passenger, "there is no time to be lost for you. As soon as we get a little under the lee of the land, I'll have the boat out, to take you, and Hailes, and the lady,

ashore. Get away across the country, as quickly as you can, to Wrexton. There you'll find a little bit of an inn, where you can stay till I send the boat for you again. Better go down and tell her, for five minutes will bring us into smooth water; and if that fellow clears the Hog's back, which I don't think he will, he'll be overhauling us as soon as he gets into the bay."

Charles Tyrrell needed no second bidding, but hurried down to prepare Lucy for this new change. He found her pale and agitated, but still firm, and ready to follow at once any wish that he might express. While left alone in solitude to her own thoughts, every thing around her had indeed appeared terrific; the rushing and dashing of the waves against the side of the ship, the excessive heeling of the vessel, the frequent strokes of the waves, which seemed as if they would have rent her from stem to stern, the howling of the wind, the rattling of the cordage, had all been heard, as she sat and listened, and had filled her mind with apprehensions of the darkest character.

All this reconciled her, however, wonderfully to the idea of landing again so speedily. Already the water was smoother, and the wind less felt, and she hurried the few preparations that were necessary, desiring the maid to rise and accompany her, which she doubted not that she would do with the greatest alacrity and willingness. The woman, however, showed not the slightest inclination to stir. Overpowered with sea-sickness, the most selfish of all maladies, she said she could not rise, and she would not; and if she were to die, that she would rather lie and die where she was, than go in a little boat at that time of night and be drowned.

There was no time to argue with her, for the sound of lowering the boat was already heard, and Charles supported Lucy up to the deck, while Hailes loaded himself with those things, which were absolutely necessary to her comfort.

When they arrived upon the deck of the ship, the whole scene was comparatively tranquil—sheltered from the force of the winds by the high lands, forming one side of the bay, which

we have before mentioned; the schooner was running along rapidly indeed, but easily, the sea was much calmer, and the rain had ceased. It was oppressively warm, and the clouds, rolling together in large masses, seemed to portend a thunder storm, but still they occasionally broke away, and afforded from time to time a glimpse of the moon, setting large and dark coloured, on the western verge of the horizon.

Few words were spoken by any party, and, as the boat was by this time alongside, Charles Tyrrell led Lucy towards it, and with the aid of Hailes and the Captain, placed her safely in it without much difficulty; though the sea would have looked terrific to any eyes which had not immediately before contemplated that which was running on the outside of the bay.

She was scarcely seated, and agitated a good deal by the darkness, the pitching of the boat, and all the appalling circumstances around her, when the sudden sound of a cannon came booming over the water. Lucy started, and turned to Charles Tyrrell, as if for explanation.

"We are just in time, my beloved," he said; "that is I suppose a shot to bring the schooner to;" but ere the men in the boat had rowed a hundred yards, a second gun was heard, and then another shortly after, and Hailes was heard to mutter to himself,

"That's the cutter upon the Hog's back, or I never heard minute guns before!—serves them right—serves them right. They wanted to run us ashore, and now they've got ashore themselves."

Charles Tyrrell made no observation, for he could not but feel pain and anxiety at the thought of the King's vessel, and all that it contained, having struck upon the awful reef which they had passed so closely. He knew, too, that Lucy would feel the same, and he therefore refrained from explaining the probable cause of the sounds that they heard, which were repeated from minute to minute, as the boat rowed on towards the shore.

Every stroke of the oars, however, as the boat entered a little bay within the larger one,

brought them into smoother water, and at length, when they were a few oars length off the shore, no one would have known that a storm was raging over the open sea, had it not been for the rapid moving of the clouds, chequered dimly with light and darkness in the sky over head, and the sharp whistling of the wind, which made itself heard above the cliffs.

Their landing was therefore effected with ease and safety, and Lucy could not help acknowledging to her own heart, that she was relieved and rejoiced, even more than she had expected, on finding her foot once more upon the firm land.

"Now you know your way to Alcombe, Master Hailes," said one of the men in the boat, "you can't well miss it."

Hailes only replied by an "ay! ay!" and the boat pushed off again as fast as possible towards the ship.

CHAPTER XXII.

TRUE love is an unselfish passion; or, at all events—if the painful doctrine of some philosophers be correct, and there be no affection of the human mind without its share of selfishness—true love partakes thereof, as little or less than any other passion, and that share of selfishness which it does admit, is of the noblest and most refined kind. Yet we are inclined to believe that it is without selfishness; for we cannot understand such a thing as being selfish by proxy. It is, in fact, a contradiction in terms; and when we love another so well as to be willing, ready, desirous of sacrificing our convenience, our comfort, our safety, our happiness, ourselves for them, we may admit the doctrine, that it gives us greater satisfaction to do so than not, with-

out admitting that we are selfish in so feeling.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, and Charles Tyrrell sat with Lucy under the shelter of a projecting piece of rock, half-way up the face of one of those cliffs, which are common upon that coast, not very difficult of ascent or descent, though enormously high, and presenting perpendicular faces of rock in many parts. They are broken, at various parts, by green flat slopes, by occasional trees and bushes, and by steps or paths of sufficient breadth to enable two, if not three people, to walk abreast.

The road which Hailes was to have taken towards the little village, called Alcombe, passed up one of these paths, along the face of the cliff. He had followed it, more than once, in former years, and had imagined that he remembered it still; but such had not been the case; and, after going on for some time, the whole party found that they were decidedly astray.

Lucy, by this time, was exhausted and

fatigued; and it was at length determined, that while she sat and rested herself, Hailes should go on, and endeavour to discover the right path. This was rendered the more necessary by the coming on of the thunder-storm, which had been threatening all night. The rain had only ceased for a time, to come down in greater torrents, and was now mingled with vivid flashes of lightning, illuminating the whole bay. The thunder, probably, would not have been very loud, but it was echoed, and re-echoed, by the cliffs and rocks around. While Charles Tyrrell, after having found a place in which some projecting shelves of rock afforded Lucy a shelter from the rain, sat beside her, and held her to his heart, striving to cheer her with all that hope or fancy could suggest to brighten the future, he thought not of himself, he thought not of the dangers of his own situation, he thought of her alone; of all the perils, and fatigues, and anxieties, to which she had exposed herself for his sake; for her he looked forward to the future with apprehension and

anguish; and a thousand, and a thousand times, he cursed himself for having given way to the spirit which tempted him to ask her to accompany him.

Lucy spoke little, for her heart was very much depressed. She felt as if the cup were not yet fully drained, as if there were more bitter yet to be tasted; and her apprehensions for him she loved, trebled her apprehensions for herself. She would not express any such feelings to him, but she could not expel them from her own bosom, and they spread out a cloud of sadness over her, that the moment, the scene, and the circumstances in which they were placed, were not calculated at all to dispel.

Nearly an hour and a half passed without the return of Hailes, and the day began to break dull and heavy, with the rain still pouring down in torrents, and the lightning, from time to time, flashing across the sky. Both Lucy and Charles were beginning to wonder at the fisherman's absence, and to calculate what they should do if he did not return soon, when, at

length, his foot was heard, coming down towards them; but he unfortunately brought them no good news.

"It is the oddest thing in the world," he said; "I can neither find Alcombe, nor any one to tell me the way, and I think I must go back to the place where we landed, in order to find my road rightly. I saw a little church on the top of the hill, some way off, but that is not it, for it lies down in the bottom of the punch-bowl, like."

"But if there is a church," said Charles Tyrrell, "there must be houses near it, and we had better go on there, at all events, for Miss Effingham is in absolute need of some repose. After she has rested herself there for two or three hours, we can go on to the other place, Wrexton, which the Captain mentioned, and, perhaps, can find some conveyance."

This was, accordingly, agreed upon; and, after waiting a little, to suffer the rain to decrease, which Hailes predicted it would do

before long, they took their way up to the top of the cliffs, and crossed the downs by which those cliffs were surmounted, towards a small church, which was now clearly to be seen at a little distance before them.

When they were not half a mile from it, their satisfaction was greatly increased, by seeing a group of people near the church-door, and several coming in and going out; but before they reached it the whole had disappeared, taking their way, apparently, down the cliffs towards the sea-side. It was still raining, though not so hard as before; the ground was wet and soft, and Lucy appeared chilly and unwell, although the atmosphere was still warm and sultry; but, alas! no houses were to be seen near the church, which was one of those buildings not uncommon on the coast of England, that served both as a landmark to those at sea, and a place of worship to those on land.

"Let us go into the church, at all events, Lucy, if we find it open," said Charles. "You

can rest yourself there in safety, while I and Hailes seek for some better place of shelter for you."

Lucy consented; for, to say the truth, she was too much fatigued to proceed any farther; and, on approaching the church, they saw that the door was half open. Charles unclosed it entirely, and led her in.

But the first sight that presented itself made them both draw back. In the middle of the aisle two or three low benches had been put, side to side, so as to form a little sort of platform, over which was thrown a large table-cloth, brought from the vestry; but underneath that cloth was something stretched upon the benches, the outline of which was seen through the table-cloth, leaving no earthly doubt that it covered a dead body. Charles and Lucy, as we have said, both paused; but Hailes walked on, saying, merely, as he passed them; "It's some poor fellow who has been drowned last night in the storm. They always bring 'em to the churches, in this country, and put them down

just so. I should not wonder if it were one of the men out of that cursed cutter; for she's struck on the reef, I'm very sure."

So saying, he walked to the benches and pulled back the table-cloth from the dead man's face. Lucy turned away her head with a shudder, but she was suddenly startled by hearing a loud exclamation, almost amounting to a shout, from the fisherman, and by feeling Charles Tyrrell suddenly dart forward from her side, as if something very extraordinary had occurred. She too raised her eyes, and saw her lover standing beside the little platform, with Hailes grasping him tight by the arm, and pointing, with a face as pale as death, to the countenance of the dead man before them. Charles Tyrrell too was very pale, and, notwithstanding the horror of the sight they were looking upon, she ran forward to his side, exclaiming,

"What is the matter, Charles? For heaven's sake, what is the matter?" but as her eyes also fell upon the face of the corpse, the words

died away upon her lips, and she clung trembling to the arm of her lover; for there before them, stretched out in death, lay the form of one they had supposed to be dead many days before. It was that of Lieutenant Hargrave, calm, still, and ashy. The part of the body which Hailes had uncovered, displayed no clothing but a sailor's check shirt; but the countenance was not to be mistaken, and not little was the agitation of the poor fisherman as he gazed upon the corpse, scarcely able to persuade himself that what he beheld was real.

No one spoke for several minutes, till at length Hailes put forth his hand and touched the body with his finger; and then, as if Sir Charles Tyrrell had been affected by the same fancies as himself, he turned round, and said in a low voice,—

"It is flesh and blood, nevertheless."

"Certainly," replied Charles Tyrrell; "it is very extraordinary, there can be no doubt."

"Well, hang me!" replied Hailes, "if I

did not think it was his ghost, when he came down after us to the boat that night."

"Was it he who came down to the boat?" demanded Charles Tyrrell; "would to God I had known that!"

"He!" exclaimed Hailes, "to be sure it was he. Who else should it be? I thought it was his ghost, and expected to see it coming along the water after us."

"This is a horrible sight for you, dear Lucy," said Charles, turning towards her; "but at all events, we draw comfort from this sad sight. My innocence of any thing that has been laid to my charge, may now be easily proved, at least, so far as an explanation of where I was during the whole period of my absence from home, and how the blood came upon my hands and coat, was wanting to the establishment of my innocence before*. But come, dear

* This was probably before the famous act of Lord Ellenborough was passed.

Lucy," he continued, "this is not a place in which you can remain; there must be some cottage in the neighbourhood, where you can rest for a short time."

"I should think, Sir," said Hailes, "that there must be fishermen's houses hereabout; for this church, you see, tops the cliff, and when one gets it in a line with the point of the nose, one knows that the Hog's-back reef lies south and by east."

Without waiting to hear any further account of the bearings of the coast, Charles Tyrrell led Lucy out of the church; but almost at the moment that they passed the door, they perceived a group of people approaching from the side of the cliff, bearing up, apparently, another dead body from below. At the head of them was an old gentleman, dressed in black, with white hair, and a mild and amiable expression of countenance, about whose whole appearance there was something that indicated strongly the pastor of the parish. His face at

the moment was full of solemn feeling, and from time to time he turned round to address a word or two to the sailors and fishermen, who were carrying the body.

Behind that group, at a little distance, came a young gentleman in the undress of the naval service; but the moment his eyes fell upon Charles Tyrrell, he hastened up to the group which had gone on before him, and had passed it by a step or two before they reached the church. The young baronet instantly recognised him as the lieutenant commanding the cutter, with whom he had been brought in contact several times before. From what had passed between himself and the master of the schooner on the preceding night, he felt sure that the meeting between them was likely to produce painful results, and he nerved his mind for the worst.

"Dear Lucy," he said, rapidly, and in a low voice, "I am afraid we must not attempt to pursue our flight farther; but do not be

alarmed, dear girl; remember I have it now, I trust, in my power to prove myself innocent beyond all doubt."

Before she could answer him, the young officer had approached, and walking straight up to Charles Tyrrell, he bowed with a courteous and gentlemanly air, saying,

"I must not say that I am glad to see you, Sir Charles Tyrrell, for I am afraid that a very painful duty must devolve upon me in consequence."

Charles returned his bow, and replied gravely:—

"Not so painful to me, Sir, perhaps, as you imagine; for a very extraordinary circumstance has just taken place, which greatly alters the complexion of my affairs."

"Any thing which renders them better, Sir," replied the officer, "of course, must be satisfactory to me. I need not tell you, Sir Charles, that, from all I know of you, I feel perfectly certain that you are innocent of that which is laid to your charge, but, at the same time, it

becomes my duty, on recognising you, to carry you back to the place from which you have made your escape."

Lucy looked up with anguish in Charles Tyrrell's countenance, saying —

"Oh, Charles, Charles, is it to end in this?"

"Do not be alarmed, dear Lucy," he said; "remember in how much better a situation I am now placed, than when we came away; but I must endeavour, as far as possible, to obtain for you, protection, comfort, and assistance, till we meet again."

"Oh, let me go with you," exclaimed Lucy; "do not, do not part with me, Charles; I must not, I cannot be separated from you now!"

"Dearest Lucy," he said, "it will but be for a short time. You are already too much fatigued; you are wet, you are ill, you are unable to bear a long journey under such circumstances."

By this time the clergyman had paused, and was looking on at what took place with some

degree of interest, and two or three of the sailors and fishermen had gathered round, while the rest carried the body into the church.

"Will you allow me to ask you one question, Sir?" said Charles, turning to the officer. "Am I, or am I not right, in supposing that I have just now seen in that church, the body of Lieutenant Hargrave?"

"It is but too true, Sir," replied the officer. "He would come off in the boat last night, when we were unfortunate enough to get upon the reef; and, as I told him would be the case, he was drowned; the only chance was staying by the ship till the wind went down. The first thing we saw this morning, when we got off ourselves, was his body, lying amongst the rocks, with that of one of the poor fellows who went with him. The other we have not found yet."

"Then I am to understand you," said Charles Tyrrell, "that he was safe and well on board your ship last night."

"Quite so," replied the Lieutenant, with some

expression of surprise, at questions, the tendency of which he did not understand.

"But had he not been ill to your knowledge?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Oh yes," replied the Lieutenant; "three or four days before, he had been very ill up at a cottage close by your park; and he had a spitting of blood, for which he thought the sea would do him good. So when he gave us information of the sailing of the schooner, he insisted upon coming with me; though, to say the truth, I wished him not."

"I will show you in a moment why I ask," continued Charles Tyrrell. "But, in the mean time, I should wish to speak, for an instant, to this reverend gentleman here present; and I should think that you know sufficient of me, to trust to my word, when I assure you that I will make not the slightest attempt to escape. But, as soon as I have made arrangements for the comfort and protection of this young lady, will

return, and go with you wherever you please. Do you trust me?"

"Most implicitly," replied the young officer, bowing. "You are not a man Sir, I know, to break your word;" and calling the sailors away, he turned towards the church, and left Charles and Lucy standing with the clergyman only.

"What can I do for you, my good Sir?" said the clergyman, mildly; "from what I have heard, I am led to suppose that I speak to Sir Charles Tyrrell, whose name has, unfortunately, become too familiar to us lately."

"Unfortunately indeed, Sir," replied Charles Tyrrell. "But luckily a turn has taken place in these affairs, which will soon clear that name from every imputation. The simple facts are these, Sir. I was accused, under circumstances of strong suspicion, of an awful and horrible crime, of which I was perfectly innocent. There were two circumstances, which seemed perfectly confirmatory of the accusation, and in regard to which I was prevented from giving any explanation, by the fear of involving others in still

more dangerous affairs, than that in which I was myself placed. The sight, however, which I have had in this church, of the dead body of Lieutenant Hargrave, altogether removes the obstacles which prevented me from proving my innocence, and I willingly go back to take my trial. In the mean time, however, this young lady requires protection, repose, and consolation."

"Who is the young lady, Sir?" demanded the clergyman. "I hope, nay, I am sure you would not ——"

"Hush, Sir," said Charles. "Pray utter not a word that can even imply a doubt or a suspicion. This young lady, before my father's death, was engaged to me by the consent of all parties; and when, seeing no prospect of clearing myself of a crime which had never entered my thoughts, I made my escape from prison, she nobly and generously agreed to accompany me in my flight. Our marriage was to take place as soon as we reached a place of safety; and, to facilitate our union as far as possible, her

mother, ere she went, gave her full consent, in writing, to our immediate marriage. Is it not so, my Lucy?"

Lucy had clung to him with her heart sinking with apprehension and anxiety, and her face covered with blushes; and the old clergyman, without increasing her emotion by gazing upon, had marked her changing countenance, and its pure, high expression, from time to time, while her lover spoke, explaining all the circumstances of their situation.

"I need no further confirmation," said the good old man, at length; "I need no further confirmation than the lady's face. Come, my child," he added, putting his hand gently on her arm, "be comforted. I trust that all will yet go right, and you see that this gentleman himself now thinks that he can easily clear himself. Be comforted; be comforted!" he continued, seeing that his kind tone had moved her to tears; "all will go right, depend upon it; and now tell me what I can do for you?"

"You are very kind, Sir," replied Lucy, "but

if it were possible, I would much rather go back with him at once."

"Indeed, dear Lucy, you are not fit," said Charles; "you are worn out, exhausted, chilled, and it would kill you. What I seek for her, Sir, is a place of repose, quiet, and protection, till she is able to return to her mother, Mrs. Effingham."

"Indeed, young lady, Sir Charles is right," said the clergyman; "the urgency of the case, and circumstances of which I am not aware, may have rendered it quite right for your mother to consent to your accompanying him without servant or companion ——"

"Pardon me," said Charles, "Miss Effingham's maid is now in the schooner, from which we landed last night; but she was too ill to land at that time; and, as our object was only to escape the search which was likely to be made, we left her willingly enough, on board; as indeed, she has been of no service, but only an incumbrance to us."

"I am glad, however," said the old man,

"that she is there. It will be much better, my poor young friend, that Miss Effingham should remain here for a day or two, than accompany you back; going, as you must do, I fear, a prisoner. I have a sister living with me, who has suffered some sorrows herself, and can feel for others. I may promise for her that she will be as a mother to this young lady, till we give her back into the care of her own mother; or perhaps," he added, with a faint smile, "to her husband. However, it will be much better for her to remain; and what we can do to comfort her we will."

"I am sure of it," said Charles, "I am sure of it. Can we not conduct her to some place of repose at once?"

"My poor vicarage is not far off," replied the clergyman; "but I think you said to the officer of the cutter, that you would join him in the church. Let me guide the young lady down to my house, and provide for her comfort, while you go and speak to him."

"But you will not leave me, Charles!" said

Lucy, clinging to him. "You will not let them take you away without seeing me again."

"Certainly not, dear Lucy," he replied; "do not be alarmed, dearest; I will see you again immediately; and remember, my beloved, when I do go, I go but to establish my innocence, and to come back, free and happy, to claim my Lucy as my own."

"I believe I am very foolish," replied Lucy, taking the arm the old clergyman offered her, "but all that I have gone through seems to have weakened my mind as well as my body. I trust to your promise however, Charles; I know you would not deceive me."

"Not by a thought, dear Lucy," he replied; and bidding her a temporary adieu, he turned to the church, where he found the lieutenant standing, with the sailors and fishermen, at the end of the aisle, near the door.

"You mentioned, Sir Charles," said the young officer, as soon as he saw him, "that there was something which you wished to point out to me in regard to poor Hargrave;

and I have, therefore, not suffered the body to be touched till you arrived."

"I will show you in a moment," replied Charles Tyrrell, advancing to the place where the body lay; "but I wish every one to witness, and to take note, exactly, of what they see, as the state of this body may be of much importance hereafter." The lieutenant beckoned up the men, and Charles Tyrrell untied the black silk handkerchief that was round the dead man's neck, and unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, throwing it far back. The moment that he did so a small wound was perceived, just above the collar-bone. It could scarcely be said to be in the neck, and lay not half a finger's-breadth from the windpipe. The whole flesh and skin around was discoloured, as if from a severe bruise, and there were marks of dressings and surgical applications, which had, probably, been washed away by the sea-water. But little, if any, inflammation appeared to have followed the wound, and in every other respect the appearance of the dead man was healthy and vigorous.

"That is very odd, indeed," said the lieutenant, after having gazed for a minute. "He never said any thing to me, upon the subject; but he seems to have had a gunshot in the throat, which must have gone very near to kill him."

"A pistol-shot, not a gun-shot," replied Charles Tyrrell; "and every one who was present thought that it had killed him; for he lay before my eyes as like a dead man as he now lies there."

"It is very odd, indeed," said the young officer; "but yet I don't quite understand how this should have prevented you, Sir Charles, from explaining where you were, and what you were doing, which I saw, by the newspapers, you would not do. I could have proved that he gave you provocation enough if you had shot him twenty times over."

"I had no hand in shooting him," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but I happened to be accidentally present when it was done, and I would not mention the fact, because I was afraid that it might draw down destruction upon the head

of several persons who were engaged in the business; and nothing should have induced me to say one word upon the subject, if we had not now proof positive that he was alive and well, long after the event."

"Was it done fairly?" asked the lieutenant, laconically.

"As fairly as such a thing can be done," replied Charles Tyrrell. "He had the first shot, and he was at a considerable distance from his antagonist. How far, exactly, I cannot say; for I did not choose to be present, and was going off the ground as fast as possible, when the shots were fired."

"This is all very strange," continued the lieutenant; "if it were all fair, why should you mind?"

"I will tell you why, in a moment," replied Charles; "because, in regard to that practice of duelling, our English law is either iniquitous itself, or iniquitous in its administration—perhaps both. But, at all events, put it to yourself. —Suppose a man, considered by the forms of

society in an inferior station, were to receive from an officer in the service of the King, either in his own person, or in the person of his child, a gross insult and a bitter injury, and were to call that man to account, as you or I should do ——"

"Why, a thousand chances to one," said the officer, "the man who had been blackguard enough to give the offence, would be blackguard enough to refuse the satisfaction?"

"True," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but suppose that they met in such a situation that the satisfaction could not be well refused; that the person, considered as the inferior, were to put pistols into the hands of the superior, and insist upon that atonement which could not be denied if they had been considered as equals: supposing that, under these circumstances, they fought what is termed a duel, and the officer in the King's service was killed, only one witness being present, and that a person coming willingly with the inferior, what would be the result then?"

"Why, I am very much afraid," said the young officer, "that the poor fellow would be hanged."

"But, if we add to all this," said Charles Tyrrell, "that, besides the insult and the injury which I have before spoken of, the King's officer was supposed to have laid an information against the man who shot him and the witness brought to the ground, for any offence you like to imagine, so that revenge might be attributed to the inferior as the cause of his conduct: suppose that a fourth person had accidentally been present, and, although fully convinced that the inferior had but one motive, namely, to punish an aggravated and shameful insult, had warned him that he was committing an illegal act, which would be construed into murder, what would be the consequence to the inferior, if the facts were discovered? What ought to be the conduct of the witness, accidentally present, if fully convinced of the honesty, uprightness, and high motives of the survivor?"

"I take you, Sir, I take you!" replied the young officer. "I understand it all; I see how it is; but, for that matter, Hargrave had no right to refuse to fight Captain Longly. A man who stands upon such nice distinctions, is either a coward, or no gentleman. I should not mind fighting Captain Longly myself, for that matter; and Hargrave certainly did behave very badly to Miss Longly, even from his own account."

"Remember," said Charles Tyrrell, "remember, I have named no names. The case, as I have put it, regarding the unwilling witness, is entirely my own; but before I even now mention the names of the other persons, I must speak with my lawyer, and ascertain that there is no danger to them. In the mean time, however, I wish most earnestly, that, if you have time, you would take measures to put precisely upon record the state in which this body has been found, and all the facts concerning the last days of this unhappy young man."

"That I will, that I will;" replied the Lieutenant; "I shall have plenty of time,

unfortunately, for you see I must stay to see if any thing can be saved from the vessel when the tide goes down. Then, of course, I must go to town, to demand a court-martial, though I don't think they can say I did wrong. She was carrying on as gallantly as possible, and I had plenty of room, when, you see, the mast came by the board, and before any thing could be done, we were on the reef.—The best thing to be done in this business is to send for a surgeon, and have the body properly examined. But, on my soul, I do not know what to do with you, Sir Charles. I think you have acted a most honourable and upright part, and yet, I suppose what I ought to do is to send for an officer to go back with you to prison. I cannot, and I ought not, to let you get off, you know."

Charles Tyrrell smiled at the young officer's embarrassment, but he hastened to relieve him, by saying,—

"Make yourself not the least uneasy, on that account. I have not the slightest desire to

get off, I can assure you. My only view and object is, at present, to go back, as fast as possible, myself, and to get the trial over, and my own character cleared, as I now can do, without a moment's delay. As long as I believed that this young man had been killed, and that my only means of exculpation, if I used it, would be employed to the destruction of others, I was anxious, as you may easily suppose, to escape to another country, till such time as it was possible for me to prove my own innocence without the destruction of two honest men. Now, however, the establishment of my own character is my first object; and I give you my word, that if you were not here, or had not recognised me, I would go back, and surrender myself at once."

"Well, then," replied the lieutenant, "I think that is the best thing that you can do now. Of course it will be much more pleasant for you to go back alone, than in custody. The assizes have begun, I believe, and if you 'll pledge me your word of honour, that you will

surrender to take your trial, as people do in duels, and things of that kind, I shan't say any thing more of the matter, unless you call me as a witness."

"Which, of course, I shall do," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but most willingly, and most thankfully, do I pledge you my word of honour; for you may easily conceive that the custody of a constable, or the confinement of a prison, can afford but too little consolation, under circumstances already too painful."

CHAPTER XXIII.

We must now return, with the reader's good leave, to the spot from which we first set out, and to an individual whom we have not spoken of for some time—the desolate mansion of Harbury Park, and the unprincipled, but not altogether heartless friend of its last proprietor.

The sad and awful funeral of Sir Francis Tyrrell took place while his son was still a prisoner within the walls of the county gaol, accused, upon strong presumptive evidence, of the murder of his own father. As Sir Francis had left no near relation living but his son, Mr. Driesen acted the part of chief mourner. An immense number of the country gentlemen, from the neighbouring parts of the different counties, however, attended; and, as was very

customary in those times, a large body of the tenantry of the deceased.

A peculiar and a painful feeling, totally independent and distinct from the general sensation of awe which is experienced by all men of feeling, in committing to the dust the remains of one of our frail brethren of earth, pervaded the whole assembly. It approached the bounds of superstition, and derived intensity and grandeur from the very indistinctness which no one present would suffer his thoughts or his reason to fathom and remove. There seemed to be a fate about the family to which the dead man belonged—a sort of dark and painful destiny, which produced in all minds a gloomy, and, if we may so term it, an anxious feeling. That feeling was expressed in a few words, by an old and wealthy farmer, who could well-nigh remember three generations in that house, when, on arriving to attend the funeral, he met a neighbour of nearly the same age as himself.

"Ay," he said, "ay, another of these Tyrrells gone down to a bloody grave!"

Such was the feeling of every one there present. It was that the fate which dogged the family, had taken another victim; that it was only the working out of some dark, unseen combination of causes, which ever had, and ever would produce horrible catastrophes in the devoted race.

When the funeral was over, and the coffin deposited in the vault, the principal gentry returned to the house to be present at the opening of the will. The farmers in general separated at the door of the church-yard; but the two old yeomen whom we have mentioned, remained conversing over the event, while an aged man, whom we have once before brought to the notice of the reader, named Smithson, sat on a tombstone hard by, listening to their discourse.

"Ay," said one of the farmers, "there is but one of them left now. They seldom go beyond one."

"There won't be one long either, I think," replied the other farmer. "The father is gone,

and the son won't be long before he follows, and then none will be left."

"He's a promising lad too," said the other farmer, "and seems as if he had got some fresh blood in his veins; for he's frank and free, and though somewhat quick, is good humoured too. It's a pity he should be lost; he might have mended the matter. But do you think they'll really hang him, Master Jobson?"

"As sure as I'm alive," replied the other farmer, "there's no hope else."

"They shan't!" muttered a voice close by them, but the farmers, without noticing, went on.

"There can be no doubt you see that he killed him," continued the yeoman who had last spoke.

"That he didn't," said the same voice.

"What are you sitting cockering there about, old Smithson?" said the other farmer, attracted by the noise, though, to say the truth, he was himself full ten years older than the fisherman whom he addressed. "Come away, Master Jobson, the old fool's half crazy, I believe;" and

so saying, they walked away to their horses, which were tied at the church-yard gate, and proceeded on their road homeward.

We shall not follow them, but turn at once to the library at Harbury Park, where some forty people were assembled, comprising the lawyers of the late Sir Francis Tyrrell, who had come down from London for the purpose of aiding in the examination of the deceased gentleman's papers. Lady Tyrrell had declined to be present; but had deputed, upon her part, the young lawyer, Everard Morrison, to witness the opening of the will; a proceeding which was declared very extraordinary by several persons, as it was well known that she had not seen the young lawyer for years, and had only known him as a schoolboy companion of her son.

The first place that was opened was a strong iron chest, which stood under one of the book-cases in the library. Nothing, however, was found in it, but a considerable sum of money, some keys, some cases, and the title-deeds of a small farm which Sir Francis had lately bought.

"As far as I remember," said the eldest of the two lawyers, "when I drew the will of the late Sir Francis Tyrrell, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and—— he put it, with a number of other valuable papers, into one of the drawers of this library table. Butler, where is the key, do you know?

"He generally put the key in the strong box, Sir," replied the butler. "It's a patent key, and I think this is it; but I'm not quite sure."

"If it be in the strong box, and be a patent key," said the lawyer, "that must be the key; for in the box there is no other patent key."

With this sage and logical exposition the lawyer took forth the key, and tried it in the drawers of the library table. It fitted exactly. But as nothing which one seeks was ever yet found in the first drawer one opens, the drawer which the lawyer tried was found empty. The second, however, afforded a rich harvest; for in it were found more than a dozen papers, of different kinds; the one at the top was endorsed in the hand of Sir Francis Tyrrell himself, "Codicil

to my last will and testament." Two or three of minor interest intervened, and then came another Codicil to my last will and testament; and immediately beneath that the last will and testament itself.

As few of those persons present expected to derive any benefit from the will of Sir Francis Tyrrell, the passion which was principally stirred amongst them was curiosity. Mr. Driesen, however, felt a little anxious, as we may well believe, when he found that there were two codicils to the will, when he had imagined that there was only one. His anxiety was soon relieved, however; for though the lawyer spent as much time as possible in reading the first will and the first codicil, yet, as the will only went to bequeath a few legacies, leaving the whole bulk of his property to go to the natural heirs, and the first codicil merely referred to the disposal of a sum amounting to one hundred and ten pounds, thirteen shillings, they were neither of them very lengthy.

When the second codicil was read, it was

found to be dated a few days before the death of the deceased, and conveyed to Mr. Driesen every thing of every description which could be separated from the entailed estates.

The reading of this codicil produced upon the minds of the great bulk of the hearers a twofold effect; the first was wonderful — the second, miraculous. In the first place, there was not a single individual in the room who did not feel perfectly convinced that he had divined, years before, that Mr. Driesen would ultimately be the heir of all that Sir Francis could leave him. They had seen it—they had known it—they had been sure of it. The second effect was, that, in the estimation of forty honest and independent men, by the reading of less than forty cabalistic lines, written on a sheet of bath paper, and called a codicil, Mr. Driesen was in one moment transformed, transmuted, and metamorphosed, from an unprincipled vagabond and a sneering infidel, into a highly respectable, worthy, and well-meaning man.

In the mean time, however, the subject of

this wonderful transformation, though not thinking at all of those who surrounded him, was conscious of a sudden and extraordinary change in himself, but of a very different kind from that which was going on in his favour in the estimation of others. He, who, through life, had scoffed at every thing like the display of feeling or sentiment—he, who had considered a tear as a proof of weakness, and agitation, under any circumstances, as a minor kind of idiocy, was now moved to the very heart, and agitated beyond all restraint. He trembled while the codicil was reading; his countenance became pale, and when one of the persons present, who was slightly acquainted with him, came up to shake hands with him, and congratulate him on the vast accession of fortune which had fallen to him, he struggled in vain for a reply, and ended by bursting into tears.

"It is too much," he said, "it is too much!" and without waiting for any more, he turned away abruptly, sought his own room, and shut himself up there for several hours.

When he came forth he had recovered his composure. He conferred with the lawyers, and sent them off to London charged with his especial business. He wrote several letters in great haste; and he then sent to request permission to wait upon Lady Tyrrell. This, however, she declined, saying, she was unfit to receive anybody; but begging that he would make any communication which he thought of importance by letter. He immediately sat down and wrote to her the following note, which must not be omitted in tracing the character of one of whom we have had to speak somewhat unfavourably. It was to the following effect:—

"DEAR MADAM,

"Mr. Morrison has doubtless communicated to you the nature of the will and codicils thereunto attached, which have been read this day, and I cannot help concluding that that communication must have been extremely disagreeable and painful to you, well knowing

both that I do not stand so high in your esteem as I did in that of your late husband, and that I had no title whatsoever to expect the generosity which he has displayed towards me.

"To alleviate, as far as possible, the pain which you may feel on account of the loss sustained by your son, in consequence of this will, I beg to inform you that I have immediately made my own will, leaving to Charles, who, I trust, and feel sure will be able to clear himself before many days are over, the whole of the property left to me by his father, together with the little patrimony which I myself possess.

"I have only further to add that I am,

"Dear Madam,

"Your faithful servant,

"H. Driesen."

Lady Tyrrell returned a polite but brief answer, written in a hand which betrayed, in every line, the deep and terrible emotions under which she had been lately suffering. Mr.

Driesen deciphered it with difficulty, but he found that it contained a request that he would remain at Harbury Park till the fate of its heir was decided, and take charge and cognisance of every thing, as it was Lady Tyrrell's intention, as soon as she could quit her room, to go to stay with Mrs. Effingham, at the Manor House.

Mr. Driesen agreed to remain, though he had notified his intention of leaving the Park on the following day; and, left alone, and in comparative idleness, he bestirred himself, with active zeal, to discover any circumstances which might tend to throw a favourable light upon the case of Charles Tyrrell. His conduct in this respect, and indeed his demeanour altogether, since the death of Sir Francis Tyrrell, had an extraordinary effect in his favour with the old servants of the house, who had previously looked upon him with a degree of dislike, bordering on contempt. They had regarded him indeed as a sort of intrusive hanger-on, who came alone for what he could

get; who looked upon Sir Francis Tyrrell's house as a very convenient abode, and who cared for none of the family in reality, but only regarded his own person. Little acts, of what they called *shabbiness*, were frequently told of him amongst themselves, and not many days before the event occurred which changed the whole face of affairs at Harbury Park, one of the footmen, having used a letter which came by the post as a sort of telescope, before he delivered it to Mr. Driesen, declared, while he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, that they should soon be delivered from the old snarler, as there was a man in London threatening to arrest him.

Now, however, all feelings were changed, for servants are much more acute observers than those who are acting before their eyes know. They now saw the active energy with which Mr. Driesen was labouring to collect evidence in favour of Charles Tyrrell; they saw that his whole mind was bent upon that object during the day, and they judged, and judged rightly, that he had no small regard for the

young baronet, and no slight anxiety for the result of the trial. At night, too, they remarked, when he sat down to dinner, or rang for his solitary coffee, that there was a deep gloom and sadness upon a countenance, which had never before changed from its usual calm self-satisfaction, except to assume a smile, more or less, blended with sarcasm. They saw him stand long before the full-length picture of Sir Francis Tyrrell over the drawing-room mantel-piece, and gaze upon it earnestly; and they once more judged, and judged rightly, that, however strangely he might occasionally show his feelings, and however much he might school them all away, he was naturally a man of some strong affections.

Mr. Driesen, therefore, suddenly found himself served with respect and zeal; the servants came for his orders, and ventured to talk to him of "poor Master Charles," and of what could be done for him; but Mr. Driesen mistook the motive, and thought that it was the change of circumstances which produced this alteration, not a change in the estimation of his own character.

On the evening of the funeral, Mr. Driesen endeavoured to read as he was wont to do. No ordinary book would suit him however; Machiavel had no charms; Voltaire could not engage his attention; in forcing himself to read a few pages of the Philosophical Dictionary, he felt like an eagle chasing a butterfly —he felt how vain it all is—he felt, in short, how empty and insufficient are the subtlest reasonings of the human mind, when brought in opposition with the mighty feelings of the human heart—he felt that there is a deeper, a stronger, a more majestic philosophy planted ineradicably in our bosoms by the hand of God, on which the philosophy, that can clothe itself in words, acts as iron on the diamond. He then tried Bayle and Hobbes—but the one was dust, and the other was ashes.

His last attempt was upon a manuscript book, in which he had collected passages from Plato, and scraps attributed to Epicurus, and many another choice extract, comprising all the most questionable doctrines of Pagan speculators.

Neither would that suit him at the moment. He felt that his mental stomach was not of its usual ostrich tone, and that he could not bolt cast-iron.

As the last resource, he took up his hat and walked out into the park, sauntering in the moonlight over the open lawns, but avoiding the deeper walks in the woods, which in their gloomy shade assimilated more than he desired with the tone of his feelings at that time. The following night the same mood continued, only he maintained the struggle with his books a shorter time, and going out between nine and ten, walked for more than an hour and a half up and down the lady-walk, with his thoughts indeed not in the same state of turmoil and confusion, with all that had occurred during the last week, as they had been on the preceding night; but still sad, gloomy, and disturbed. Many was the sigh to which he gave way—many was the little gesture of despondency, or impatience of God's will, which he suffered to

appear, little knowing that during a part of the time at least, another eye was upon him, as we have shown before.

It was late when he returned to the house, and the servant who came to give him admittance, exclaimed with a joyful look as he entered, "Oh, Sir, do you know what has happened? Master Charles has escaped from prison!"

Mr. Driesen started and gazed in the man's countenance, demanding, in a low tone, "is he here?"

"Oh! no, Sir!" answered the servant, "but a constable has been up from the governor of the prison, who is searching Mrs. Effingham's house. He said the governor would not come up himself, for he did not think my young master would come here; and the man saw clearly enough that we had not seen him by our faces. He said, however, he had orders to hang about the park, and see whether he came there."

"Send one of the game-keepers to take him as a poacher directly," said Mr. Driesen. "Bid Wise

go: he is deaf, and will not attend to what the man says. The object is, to get him out of the way for two or three hours."

The servant seemed to understand in a moment; the game-keepers were sent out; the unfortunate constable seized, upon the pretence that he was poaching, and spent several hours in durance, till Mr. Driesen thought that he might in safety be set at liberty.

We are already aware, however, that Charles Tyrrell met with no interruption in effecting his flight, and we shall therefore pause no longer upon the indignation of the constable, or upon the anger of the governor of the prison. Mr. Driesen, for his part, appeared highly delighted that the escape had taken place, and walked up and down the room the greater part of the night, in a state of agitation unusual with him.

On the following morning, however, he relapsed into gloom and sadness, and so strange was the effect produced upon him by the agitation of mind, to which he was so little accustomed, that his corporeal health seemed to

suffer. It was in vain that the cook employed her utmost skill; he seemed to loathe his food, and could scarcely prevail upon himself to eat above two or three mouthfuls at a time. His taste indeed for wine was not gone, and he drank willingly and much of the choicest produce of Sir Francis Tyrrell's cellar. It seemed, however, to heat without exhilarating him. He had always been meagre, but he now became thinner than ever. He learned to stoop a good deal, and his footsteps were remarked to be wavering and uneven. The mourning suit too which he wore, ill made, in the haste of the moment, made him look thinner and worse in health, than might otherwise have been the case; and many who saw him took the opportunity of moralizing, and making themselves wise in their own conceit, by showing the unfruitfulness of wealth, as displayed in the case of Mr. Driesen, who had scarcely become possessed of riches when health, the more inestimable blessing, was denied him.

At length, however, one night as he was

sitting down about to take his coffee, a note was put into his hand, the contents of which made him start, and turn pale. He read it over twice, however, and it may be as well to give here the few words which produced that effect. It began,

"My dear Mr. Driesen,

"I wish to see you immediately, as I have come back, on various accounts, to stand my trial; but do not intend to surrender myself till the day on which it is to take place. If you will come down then to the little public-house, called the Falcon, in the village of Motstone, any time to-night or to-morrow morning, you will find

"Your's,

"Charles Tyrrell."

"Have a horse saddled directly," said Mr. Driesen, turning to the servant who waited, with looks of some surprise. "Have a horse saddled immediately, and brought round to the door."

The servant hastened to obey, and as soon as he was gone, Mr. Driesen walked up and down the room for several minutes in a state of great agitation.

"Come back to stand his trial!" he exclaimed. "He is mad. He will be hanged to a certainty! What in the name of heaven can be done? Nothing, I am afraid; yet I must do my best, for this is terrible."

Then as he revolved all the circumstances of Charles Tyrrell's case, ignorant as he was of what had been discovered since the young baronet had made his escape in the schooner, he became more and more convinced, that, if he executed his purpose and really stood his trial, he would but seal his own destruction.

"It is ruin, it is ruin"—he continued, walking up and down the room in great agitation. "He must be persuaded to return, to go back again before his coming is known; and yet, after all"—he continued, pausing and fixing his eyes upon a spot on the floor, "what signifies it? death is but a little thing; the extinction

of a state of being, containing in itself more pangs than enjoyment, the only real pain of death is to the coward! Long sickness indeed may make it horrible. It is in the preceding things that death is painful—the act itself can be nothing—a mere bugbear of the imagination—and then how pleasant to lie down for a long sleep; to lie down as we do at night after a weary day filled with cares, and anxieties, and pangs: to lie down with the blessing of knowing that we shall never wake again, to go through the same cares, and griefs, and sorrows, to endure the same pangs, and labours, and fatigues! Those must have been cunning fellows, that invented the bugbear of a future state, otherwise one half of the world would not go on till fifty. I wonder I have not cut my throat years ago. I suppose it is because I've had such good health, and no pain in life. I wonder if hanging is an easy death—laudanum they say is painful. Charcoal? the French are fond of charcoal. To think that a little carbon should be a remedy for all diseases!"

" The horse, Sir," said a servant, opening the door, and Mr. Driesen walking out took his hat and gloves, flung himself on the horse's back, and cantered quickly through the park.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the neat little parlour of the Falcon, with its well sanded floor, its polished, black mahogany table, its corner cupboard with a glass door, displaying sundry objects of interest and curiosity, from odd shaped tea-pots of rich old china, to apostle spoons and sugar basons of the reign of Anne, whose pert and foolish motto of "semper eadem," adopted because she was the weakest and most vacillating of women, still ornamented the silver;—in this neat parlour of a neat little country inn, sat Charles Tyrrell, waiting, perhaps, with some impatience for the coming of Mr. Driesen. There were traces upon his face of the sorrows through which he had passed. He was paler, thinner, sterner, we may say more manly, than he had appeared a

month before; but yet within the last few days his countenance had undergone another and a better change, a cloud had been blown from off the sky: his face was clear of some part of its anxiety. He was grave, perhaps sad; for the fire which he had undergone tempers the iron into steel, and makes it harder for ever.

But at the same time there was the aspect of hope renewed in his countenance, there was an expression of expectation and confidence; and though he had been made aware of the nature of his father's will, he looked up with a smile, on seeing the door open, thinking to take Mr. Driesen by the hand with pleasure.

It was not that gentleman, however, who entered, but the landlord of the Falcon himself, who closed the door carefully behind him, and advanced with a low bow and a respectful air.

"I have had both your notes taken, Sir," he said; "one to the governor of the prison, and the other to Harbury Park, by two boys, that nobody would know as coming from here; but as you were good enough to tell me, Sir Charles,

your intention of remaining here until you give yourself up again at the trial, I cannot help letting you know directly, for fear of any thing going amiss, something that came to my hearing, and which may be of very great importance to you, if you can but get at the truth of it."

"What is it, landlord?" said Charles Tyrrell, "I shall be very much obliged to you for any information; for although I trust I can, without doubt, now prove, both how the blood came upon my coat, and where I was during the whole period of my absence from the house,—so that of my acquittal there cannot be the slightest doubt, yet I shall never rest satisfied, I shall never know a moment's real and complete peace, till I have discovered and shewn forth in the eyes of the whole world, whose was the hand that really killed my unfortunate father."

"Why the matter is this, Sir Charles" said the landlord of the Falcon, "there's old John Smithson, who lives about a mile and a half off,

between this and the sea, and whose son is now in gaol about that smuggling business, always shakes his head when the people talk about you and the murder of Sir Francis, and has been heard to say, more than once, that the judges should not condemn you for it—that he'd rather die himself. I heard about this yesterday, and I don't know how it was, but as if I had known that you would be coming here to night, though Heaven knows I knew nothing about it, I couldn't help going down to the old man's cottage, just quietly, not as if I came to inquire, and talking to him about it. I couldn't get him to say much upon the subject, for he had heard that you had got out of prison, and he said, that being the case, it was no matter to any body. I asked him, however, what he would do, if you should be caught and brought back again. He said, that he would not tell me what he would do; but that they should not hang you, for he would prevent that. I tried, as much as I could, to get something more out of him, but it was all no use. He would not say

a word more, and I believe the only way to do with him would be, to call him up upon the trial, and make him give evidence."

"Did he know my father at all?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Oh, he knew him well enough by sight, Sir," replied the man; "for when he was a fisherman, I've heard he used to supply the family, and was up every day at the house almost; and about three weeks ago he stopped here one afternoon to take a glass of grog, and he had seen your father that day about his son; for the old man was in a towering passion, and vowed that Sir Francis had treated him no better than a dog."

"Indeed," said Charles Tyrrell, "you don't suppose he could have done it himself?"

"Why no, Sir, I don't mean to say that," replied the landlord. "He's a stout old fellow, too, as young as if there were twenty years off his age, and he has a devil of a spirit of his own. He always had; but then he was always a very honest, upright man; one never heard of

his doing any thing that was wrong. Some twenty years ago, indeed, he was taken up upon some smuggling business, and was in prison one day; but he proved that it was all false together, and he caught the custom-house officer some time after, and gave him such a licking that he never went near him again. No, I don't think he did it; but it is clear enough that he knows something about it, and will come forward and say what he does know, if he thinks there 's any chance of your being condemned."

"Perhaps," said Charles Tyrrell, "it may be better for me to send for him, and speak with him on the matter."

"I should think not, Sir Charles," replied the landlord. "The trial, you see, is likely to come on in two or three days, and your best plan, I should think, would be to lie quiet, and have old Smithson brought up as a witness. You say that you are sure you can prove where you were, and what you were doing at the time; but when he 's brought up he 'll know nothing of that, and will tell all that he knows. But I

would keep the whole matter quiet and calm till then, for fear of scaring other people, who may be brought into trouble by it."

The advice of the landlord seemed, to Charles Tyrrell, so judicious, that he determined to follow it, if he found that Morrison, whom he hoped to see early on the following morning, coincided with him in opinion.

As he was about to reply, however, the quick sound of a horse's feet was heard before the house, and Mr. Driesen entered the room in a minute after.

"My dear Charles," he said, grasping both the young Baronet's hands; as soon as the door was shut, and they were alone, "You cannot think how anxious I am about you. In the name of heaven, what has made you come back again, when you were once safe off?"

"First, let me thank you, my dear Sir," said Charles, with true feelings of gratitude for all the emotions of apprehension and anxiety which Mr. Driesen's agitation evidently betrayed—

" first, let me thank you for all your exertions in my favour, and for all the really fatherly interest that you have taken in me. Believe me, I am sincerely grateful."

" Oh, nonsense, nonsense, my dear Charles!" cried Mr. Driesen, grasping his hands, while his eyes filled with unwonted moisture. " Don't talk about gratitude, and such stuff. If I could but know that you were in safety, that would be enough. I should then be comparatively at ease—though, who knows?" and he drew a deep sigh. " But tell me, Charles, tell me, what has made you mad enough to come back here, at the imminent risk that you run?"

" In the first place, because I could not well help myself," replied Charles Tyrrell. " But, in the next, because I am now at liberty to show both where I was during that whole morning, and how the stains of blood came upon my shooting jacket."

Mr. Driesen seemed somewhat surprised, but he replied, almost immediately,—

" But can you account for the time, Charles,

before you saw the gardener—can you account for the gun? I see by your face you cannot; and it is upon that, the whole business will turn. I have spoken with the lawyers myself, and they all agree that it will be held by the Judge and the Jury, that, if you committed the act at all, it was before you passed through the garden. Indeed, indeed, Charles, you are putting your head into a lion's mouth."

"And do you, then, believe me guilty?" demanded Charles Tyrrell, in a sad tone.

Mr. Driesen instantly replied, vehemently, "No Charles, no Charles, no. I do not believe you guilty, but I do believe that you may be held so, unless, indeed, you could prove who it was committed the act."

"That may not be impossible either," replied Charles Tyrrell. "Indeed I have good hope that such may be the case, though I cannot explain myself further, at present, upon the subject."

Mr. Driesen mused for several minutes, in silence, and then replied,

"Charles, you are deceiving yourself. You will sacrifice your own life—you will break the heart of Lucy Effingham—you will render all those that love you miserable. I see it plainly; I see it evidently. You are running headlong to destruction. Let me entreat you; let me conjure you, while there is yet time, to secure yourself, by flying once more. Here is a fresh strong horse at the door; he will carry you, easily, forty miles this night. You can be at a seaport before to-morrow. You can hire a ship, and ere to-morrow night be safe in France. If you want money, draw upon me for what you like; draw upon me for all your father left me. Here I will sign a bond for it, this moment. I will sign an acknowledgment that I owe it to you—any thing, any thing, Charles, but save yourself directly; and in his eagerness and anxiety, he grasped Charles Tyrrell's hands convulsively in his, gazing in his face with an earnest look of entreaty.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear Sir," replied Charles, very much affected; "a

thousand, and a thousand thanks, for all your kindness."

"Then do, Charles, do," cried Mr. Driesen, thinking that he had prevailed. "Make haste; get some refreshment, and put your foot in the stirrup. You are a bold horseman—you ride fast—you will soon ——" but Charles stopped him.

"I am sorry," he said, "my dear Sir, that I cannot do what you wish me. I was stopped on my journey by the commander of the revenue cutter, and I pledged my honour to him that I would return and surrender myself to trial. I have already, too, given notice to the governor of the gaol, that such will be the case."

Mr. Driesen struck his hand against his forehead, and exclaimed, "By —— you are mad!—and I shall be called up to give evidence against you; to prove how you had been quarrelling with your father; to show that he was as mad as you are, and that you had scarcely any resource but to put him out of the world. This is too much; this is too much!"

and he walked up and down the room in a terrible state of agitation.

Charles was a good deal agitated, also; for Mr. Driesen, certainly, put the matter in a new point of view to him. He had conceived that the whole strength of the evidence against him lay in his refusing to account for the time he had been absent after the gardener had seen him, and to explain the marks of blood upon his shooting-jacket. He now, however, saw that there were several other suspicious circumstances against him, which he had no means of doing away. He knew how slight a thing will turn the scale in criminal trials; how uncertain, we may say how capricious, are the decisions of juries. But still there was no course before him but to do as he had proposed to do, and, consequently, ceasing to argue the matter at all with Mr. Driesen, he only endeavoured to soothe the agitation which his friend was suffering, and to express the gratitude that he felt for the deep interest which he took in his welfare.

He found it all in vain, however. Mr. Driesen would but listen to one subject, and he again and again returned to his suggestion of flight, endeavouring, by all the sophistries of which he was so complete a master, and by which he so continually deceived himself, to prove that there were particular circumstances in which a man was justified in doing any thing for his own preservation; that there was no such thing as abstract right and wrong; that every thing was relative, and depended entirely on the circumstances. His reasoning, however, did not convince Charles Tyrrell, in his own case, more than it would have done in that of others, and he remained unshaken, even in the slightest degree.

Mr. Driesen at length perceived that it was so, after spending nearly an hour in vain arguments; and finding that any further reasoning would be vain, he suddenly ceased, and became quite quiet.

"What is it, then, you wish me to do for you?" he said. "Why was it that you sent for

me? Though you will not be advised—though you will not be warned, I am ready to do any thing for you that you may desire."

Charles again thanked him, and then replied,

"What I wish you to do, is no very difficult task; I merely wish you to communicate to my mother and to Mrs. Effingham what has taken place. Doubtless the latter has already heard from Lucy by this night's post; but at all events, tell her that I left her daughter safe and well, under the charge of a clergyman and his sister, at ——, on the coast of Devonshire. At first, she was so dreadfully fatigued, that I feared her health would suffer; and as no restraint was put upon me, I remained a whole day to be sure that such was not the case. After a night's good repose, however, she rose much better, and I think that the hope of my soon being able to establish my innocence, had no small share in making her get over so well, all the dangers and discomforts which she has suffered."

"The hope of your proving your innocence!" said Mr. Driesen, with melancholy

bitterness. "She will be soon cured of that hope, I fear, Charles Tyrrell. However, as you are determined, there is no use in saying any more, and I shall now leave you. If I can do any thing to serve you, let me know it. If you wish to see me again, I will come; otherwise, Charles, I shall not see you again till I see you at the trial; for I am not the man I was, Charles. All this has shaken me; my corporeal frame is injured. I do not know that even my intellect is what it was. Good bye—good bye. I could be a boy, or a woman, and cry for very spite, to think of your casting away your only chance of life and happiness. If you had worn out existence, I could understand it; if you were, as I am, at the end of that part of life, which comprises all that is bright and happy, and at the beginning of that part which is made up altogether of desolation and decay, I could understand it; for death is nothing but one jump into forgetfulness. But with youth, and hope, and happiness before you, I cannot make out your motives. However,

fare you well, fare you well; and all I trust is, that chance may take better care of you than you take of yourself."

Charles Tyrrell bade him adieu, well knowing that, as all their views and principles were different, there was not the slightest use of entering into any argument upon the subject. He could not, indeed, help feeling a regard for Mr. Driesen, who had of late shown him much real kindness. He could not help acknowledging to himself that he had a warm, kind heart, and when, therefore, he left him, he felt some pain and grief, from which he could only free himself, by sitting down to make notes of all the matters of which he had to speak with Everard Morrison, on the following morning.

Mr. Driesen, in the mean time, turned his steps back towards Harbury Park. He went slowly and sadly indeed. Three or four times he dismounted from his horse, and walked on, holding the bridle over his arm; and when he had returned, and sought his own chamber, his foot might be heard pacing it, to and fro,

during the greater part of the night. He had usually breakfasted in the library, and he had not yet finished on the morning following his interview with Charles Tyrrell, when the butler came in and told him that there was an old man without desired to speak with him. Mr. Driesen asked who it was, and the butler replied,

"Why it is one Smithson, Sir, who used to be a good deal about the house, selling fish, some twenty years ago."

"Show him in," said Mr. Driesen; and the butler having done so, shut the door.

The old man remained in conversation with Mr. Driesen for some time. After he was gone the butler opened the door, to see whether he should take away the breakfast things; but Mr. Driesen was still leaning with his arm upon the table, staring into the cups. In half an hour after, he rang the bell, and all the servants remarked, with surprise, that from that moment he was entirely changed. All his old

liveliness and activity returned. He was gay, cheerful, and happy, writing indeed the greater part of the day, but bearing interruption quite tranquilly, and having some gay and cheerful word to say to every body.

CHAPTER XXV.

Before midday, on the following morning, Everard Morrison was at the door of the Falcon, but he was not alone. The large form of Captain Longly, not unaccompanied by the pigtail, appeared mounted upon a short-legged, sturdy, little pony; and as Charles, who happened to be at the window at the moment of their arrival, perceived the old seaman, he felt no slight satisfaction at being the first to bear him the news of Lieutenant Hargrave's real fate. To Morrison, Charles had only communicated the fact that he had been overtaken by the commander of the revenue cutter, and had promised to return in order to undergo his trial, and he was therefore sure that the news he had in store, had not been anticipated.

The countenances of both Morrison and Longly, however, were not a little gloomy, as they entered the chamber in which the young baronet was, and after the first salutation, Morrison broke forth with, "This is most unfortunate indeed, Sir Charles; but as Mr. Longly was with me when your note came, I thought it but right to communicate its contents to him, and he determined to come with me to tell you himself what he has resolved upon doing."

Charles Tyrrell was about to reply, but Longly instantly took up the tale, and after having pulled the waistband of his breeches as far up as possible, and rolled something which was in his mouth into his cheek, he went on: "You see, Sir Charles, it is not fair that one man should suffer for another—not that I would ever have let you suffer for me, though you were honourable enough to keep your word with me, even to death, which must be a satisfaction to you—but now, as the case goes, you have done your best, and have tried to get away and can't;

and so, I am resolved, Sir, on the trial, to come forward, and to tell all, do you see. In the first place, it rests hard upon my mind, and I can't bear up against this wind;—next, you see, Sir, I would a deal rather be hanged at once, and have done with it, than go on, never knowing, one day, whether I shall not be hanged the next; but as for that, however, Mr. Everard here thinks he can get me off, because, you see, we can prove, by that young scoundrel's letter to my poor Hannah, that it was a trap he laid for her, and so I might well be angry; and then that smuggling has blown over, for all the men were acquitted at six o'clock last night; so if they can prove nothing against them, they can prove nothing against me;—and it is likely to be manslaughter at the worst. However, you see, Sir Charles, I do not so much care how it goes, because, before that, my Hannah is going to be married to as noble a young fellow, though I say it to his face, as ever lived, who loves her dearly, and she him—so she is taken care of;

but nevertheless, even if it were not so, I should not let you be hanged for me, any how."

Although this oration, on the part of good Captain Longly, might be a little out of form and propriety of speech, it served to convey to Charles Tyrrell, a great deal of information, regarding matters of some interest, and to afford him a very fair picture of the honest seaman's feelings. He would indeed have interrupted him, in order to save him one moment of unnecessary pain; but when Captain Longly was once set going, it was no easy thing to stop him, till he had exhausted what he had to say; every appearance that he saw of a wish to cut him short, only making him raise his voice, and repeat, in a louder tone, what he had just been saying.

When he was done, however, Charles took the hand, which Longly held out to him as a sort of full stop at the end of the sentence; and replied, "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Longly, for your frankness and generous thoughts in this matter; but I have some news

for you, that will surprise you, much more than it does me to find that Mr. Longly is always ready to do what is right and honourable. You fully believe that you killed Lieutenant Hargrave."

"To be sure!" exclaimed Longly, "though I have never been able to get that old scoundrel, Jenkins, to tell me what he did with the body. He winks his eye, and says it is all safe; but I can't get any more out of him. He'll be obliged to tell now, however."

"It will be unnecessary," replied Charles Tyrrell, "for I can tell you, that Lieutenant Hargrave was alive and well on board the revenue cutter, not four days ago, and now lies buried in a small church-yard in Devonshire, having been drowned while trying to get off from the cutter, which struck on a reef called the Hog's-back."

Longly smacked his hand upon his thigh, till the place rang again, and then exclaimed, "Ay, that's what's the meaning of all that winking. But I can scarcely believe my ears—Did you see him yourself, Sir? Can you swear it was him, and not his ghost?"

"I saw him with my own eyes," replied Charles; "but besides that proof, I have the acknowledgment of the commander of the cutter, his own friend, who had him on board, and did not even know that any thing was the matter with him, but a spitting of blood, till I showed him the wound of the ball in the throat of the corpse, after he was drowned*."

Longly shook himself, much in the way of a Newfoundland dog, when he comes out of the water, exclaiming, "Well, that is something off my head—and now you are quite safe, Sir Charles!"

"I am not quite sure," replied Charles Tyrrell; "two doubts have been put into my mind, by Mr. Driesen, last night, and I must speak with you, Morrison, on the subject."

He then proceeded to explain to Everard Morrison the circumstances which Mr. Driesen had mentioned, and the opinion which he had said the counsel had expressed, regarding the

* This incident, of a man being apparently killed by a wound in the throat, which ultimately proved very trifling, occurred within the knowledge of the author.

period at which the murder must have been committed; and he was somewhat pained to see that the young lawyer entertained a somewhat similar view of the case to Mr. Driesen. Morrison's opinion, however, was more favourable in some respects; but it was founded upon a shrewd view of human nature, especially when appearing, as it does, in such bodies as juries.

"Were the case to come before them now," he said, "exactly as it really stands, the fact of the quarrel, of the gun, and the gardener having seen you precisely in the same direction as that in which the body was found, without any other extraneous circumstances being mixed up with the matter, I should say, with Mr. Driesen, that your case bore a very ominous aspect; but the very circumstance of there having been various other suspicious matters against you, brought before the coroner's jury, and a prepossession having thus been created against you, will, in the present instance, tell greatly in your favour. You will now be able to explain all those circumstances in a manner most honour-

able to yourself, and the re-action will be so great, that the jury will think you have disproved the whole case against you, because you have disproved a part. The evidence of Mr. Longly and Hailes, too, need, as far as I see, in no degree implicate themselves, though, doubtless, the examining counsel will do the best they can to get to the bottom of the matter."

Upon a hint from Charles Tyrrell, that he wished to speak with Morrison alone, Captain Longly shortly after left them, and the circumstances regarding the old man, Smithson, came under discussion. Notwithstanding the view which the landlord of the inn had taken, and in which Charles Tyrrell had coincided, Morrison judged it better to go down himself to Smithson's cottage, and see if he could elicit any intimation of the real nature and character of the evidence he was willing to give. When he arrived at the cottage, however, old Smithson was not at home, and Morrison had to wait for some time ere he made his appearance. When he did come, at length, nothing was to be gained

from him. He remained perversely silent, saying,

"Never you mind. I'll be there to give evidence, and I'll tell the truth, let come of it what may. That's all that any body can expect. I won't say a word of it beforehand, for any body, that's enough."

Finding it utterly in vain to urge him upon the subject, Morrison left him, and reported his want of success to the young baronet. He then promised him to ride over to the manor-house direct, in order to prepare the mind of Lady Tyrrell for a visit from her son, who proposed, as soon as it was dark, to go over to see his mother, with whom he had had no interview since the terrible day of his father's death.

Everard Morrison at once proceeded to execute this commission, and on arriving at the manor-house, he found Lady Tyrrell, Mrs. Effingham, and Mr. Driesen, in conversation together, and apparently in much higher spirits than he could have anticipated.

"Oh, Mr. Morrison," said Lady Tyrrell,

when he entered, "here is our good friend, Mr. Driesen, has brought us tidings, which have raised the spirits of the whole party. He gives me the most positive assurances that our poor Charles is certain of acquittal."

"Indeed," said Morrison, gravely, for he imagined that Mr. Driesen had been buoying up Lady Tyrrell's spirits with hopes that he did not himself entertain; and, disapproving of all such policy, he determined to do nothing to encourage it. "Indeed I had fancied, that Mr. Driesen took a rather more gloomy view of the matter."

"My good friend," replied Mr. Driesen, with a slight curl of the lip, "if you remember rightly, yesterday was a cloudy day, and to-day the sun shines as you see: if I had said yesterday, what a fine morning, you would have stared: to-day if I were to say, how cold and gloomy, you would stare as much. Now the time that has passed sufficient to drive away the clouds from the sky, may have brought up matter to remove the clouds from my mind, too,

and something has occurred this morning, which makes me say confidently to Lady Tyrrell, that she has no cause for the slightest apprehension, and that Charles's innocence will be established beyond all manner of doubt."

Morrison listened with no inconsiderable degree of surprise, and, if we must own the truth, with some suspicion. Now as he was, though a lawyer, by no means naturally suspicious, his doubts arose from two circumstances. In the first place, from the little that he had seen of Mr. Driesen, he by no means was inclined to like or trust that gentleman; and he had, indeed, made up his mind, that Mr. Driesen, as to his real character and feelings, systematically attempted to deceive all the world, beginning with himself. There was some truth in this, although it was too general perhaps. But in the next place, as regarded the matter in question at the moment, he remarked that Mr. Driesen's illustration of his change of opinion, was forced, unnatural, and wordy, and quite contrary to his usual tone and pointed

manner of expressing himself. He determined, therefore, if possible, to unravel the mystery, and replied,

"I am very happy to hear, Sir, what you say; but of course, as employed in defending Sir Charles Tyrrell, I should be very glad to hear upon what grounds you found your newly risen expectations of such a favourable result."

"There now," cried Mr. Driesen, smiling; "there now. He comes with his grave face, and his lawyer-like logic, to destroy all that I have been doing to console you two ladies. But do not let him, my dear Lady Tyrrell; do not let him: for if he were the very worst lawyer that ever was born—which Heaven forbid I should insinuate," and he made Everard Morrison a low bow, "I defy him to spoil the case of my good friend, Charles, who is as certain of being acquitted as I am of living till to-morrow morning, which I'm sure I hope I shall do, as I have no less than seven letters to write, some upon business, which might be put off very well upon the eve of a journey to the other world; but

some mere letters of politeness, and the good folks would think me rude if I were to go without writing to them."

As he ended, he whistled two or three bars of an air, and then suddenly turning to Mrs. Effingham and seeming to recollect himself, he said,

"I beg pardon, my dear lady, for presuming to whistle in your presence; but that whistling lili-bullero is a bad trick, which I caught of my uncle Toby. I always do it when there's a cat or a lawyer in the room—no offence, Mr. Morrison! for I was bred a lawyer myself, you know."

"And pray, my good Sir," said Morrison, "how did you manage then, if you always whistle lili-bullero when there's a lawyer in the room?"

"Why, I did nothing but whistle all day long, with my hands in my pockets," replied Mr. Driesen, not at all put out of countenance; "so I was obliged to give up the law, my good Sir, otherwise I should have whistled myself away altogether. As it was, I had whistled

myself into the shape and likeness of a flageolet, as you now see."

While this conversation had been going on, Morrison had been turning in his own mind all the circumstances connected with the case of Charles Tyrrell, and endeavouring to fix upon some particular, which might give a clue to the sudden change which had taken place in Mr. Driesen's opinion of the case. He recollected at length, that when he had gone down to see Smithson in the morning, the old fisherman had been absent, and that he had come back to his house, by the road, which led from Harbury park. When Mr. Driesen had finished his reply, therefore, he said somewhat abruptly—

"I suppose the truth is, Mr. Driesen, that you have had old Smithson with you this morning."

For a moment or two, Mr. Driesen made no reply, but fixed his eyes full and keenly upon him. He then answered,

"Yes, Mr. Morrison. The truth is, I have. What then, pray?"

"Why, nothing, Mr. Driesen," replied Morrison, "only that I now know the cause of your change of opinion in regard to Sir Charles Tyrrell's case, and the good spirits you seem to be in this morning."

Mr. Driesen gazed upon him for a moment or two, with a withering sneer, and then replied, rising,

"You know nothing about it! Good morning, Mrs. Effingham—good morning, Lady Tyrrell. I leave this wise young gentleman to demonstrate to you satisfactorily, that the moon is made of green cheese, or at least is inhabited by an old single gentleman like myself, with a bundle of sticks upon his back. But make your mind quite easy, nevertheless, for Charles will be acquitted for all that."

Thus saying, he left them, and Morrison saw him go without any expression of anger, merely saying,

"Good Mr. Driesen is evidently rejoiced at the prospect of Sir Charles's speedy acquittal, and proud of possessing a little knowledge more than I have been able to extract this morning

from the witness whom he has seen. I think, however, Lady Tyrrell, you may trust with some degree of confidence to what he says, for now that I know the cause of his change of opinion in some degree, I am inclined to suppose that it has not taken place without good grounds."

"That is very satisfactory to me, Mr. Morrison," said Mrs. Effingham; "for I confess I have this morning been in great doubt and difficulty what to do. I have received a letter from Devonshire, informing me that my poor Lucy is very unwell. The medical men there say, not dangerously at present; but of course, I am anxious to set off immediately to be with her; and yet, I did not like to go without being able to bear her good news of Charles, which I know would be the best medicine she could receive."

"I think, my dear Madam," replied Morrison, "that you may set off with all safety, and assure her that though nothing on earth is so uncertain, of course, as the law, yet there is

every probability of Charles establishing his innocence beyond a doubt. I think so the more from what Mr. Driesen had just said ; but even before I heard that, I was inclined to entertain very great, though not perfectly confident hopes of a favourable result."

" If you think so," said Mrs. Effingham, " I will set off immediately. I understood that the trial was to take place to-morrow, and in a few lines in Lucy's own hand, she begged me not to come till it was over ; but if you think that the result is very nearly certain, I will go at once."

Everard expressed his opinion, that she might go in safety, and consequently she set off as soon as horses could be procured.

She found Lucy much more seriously ill than she had expected. She had kept up, and exerted herself, to appear well till Charles Tyrrell had left her ; but from that moment had become worse, and all the effects of the fatigue, and grief, and cold, and anxiety, that she had undergone, told upon her health, and reduced her to a

situation of great danger. She was slightly better than she had been on the day that her mother arrived, and the fresh hopes which Mrs. Effingham brought her, tended to give a favourable turn to her malady.

We must now, however, pause, and once more go back to the scenes in which our tale first began, in order to show how far those hopes were realized or disappointed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was the morning of the trial, and the session-house was, as may be supposed, crowded almost to suffocation, for the case of Charles Tyrrell had excited a degree of interest through the whole country round, unequalled in the memory of man. The whole history of the Tyrrell family, as we have given it in the beginning of this book, was buzzed about, with a thousand additions and improvements, from imagination, malice, and that love of the marvellous, which makes liars of one-third, and fools of another third of the world.

Amongst the lower classes an impression seemed to prevail, that young Charles Tyrrell would certainly be condemned, not, indeed, from a belief of his guilt, for that belief

was by no means general; but from an impression that the sort of fate which seemed to dog his family, was about to bring it to an end in his own person, and, indeed, more than one of the jurors was affected by this sort of feeling, and went into the box with an impression that they had very little to do, but listen to the witnesses, and condemn the prisoner.

As soon as the trial was called on, Charles Tyrrell surrendered himself, and appeared at the bar. He was very pale, and his countenance was calm and firm, but grave, and even sad. There was, however, a noble expression on that face, an upright and manly character in his whole demeanour; a tranquillity, not at all approaching boldness, which produced an universal impression in his favour, and made one of those general murmurs run through the court, which nearly always evince some sudden change in the popular feeling.

The judge, in this instance, did not command silence, as he had been led to believe, by all he had heard since he came into the town,

that a prepossession existed against the young baronet, and he was not sorry to see that prepossession counteracted by the favourable impression of his personal appearance.

On the first formalities being gone through, Charles Tyrrell pleaded "Not Guilty!" in a clear and distinct voice, and looked round the court with a calm, firm glance, which confirmed the feeling excited in his favour.

The counsel who conducted the cause for the crown, was one of those wise and conscientious men, who suffer no degree of passion to mingle with the exercise of their functions. We have occasionally, indeed, persons at the bar, who, when called upon to act the awful part of public accuser, suffer their own vanity to be implicated in the success of their cause, and strive, not so much to elicit truth, as to establish the case they have undertaken. Such, however, was not the character of the gentleman who appeared against Charles Tyrrell. He uttered not one word that was calculated to produce prejudice in the minds of the jury.

He stated clearly and distinctly the evidence he had to produce against the prisoner at the bar. He pointed out in mild terms, the inferences which were to be drawn from that evidence, and he ended by expressing a hope that the prisoner would be able to produce such witnesses, on his own part, as would relieve the minds of the jury from any doubt as to the fact of his innocence.

He then called several of the servants of Harbury Park, whose evidence tended to show on the present occasion, as it had done at the coroner's inquest, that a severe quarrel had taken place between Charles Tyrrell and his father; that the former had gone out with his gun in his hand, and had been followed by the latter; that the prisoner had been seen passing through the garden shortly after; that his father had been found murdered within a few yards of the garden-gate, by the discharge of a gun, loaded with small shot, into the back of his head; that the gun of the prisoner, with which he had gone out, had been found, discharged, within a few yards of the dead body;

and that his clothes had been spotted with blood, and his hands had also been bloody when he returned home; that he himself had declared that he had not discharged the gun at any game, and had refused to account for the time of his absence, or the blood that appeared upon his clothes.

When the servants had been examined, and it was found that no attempt was made whatsoever to cross-examine them, or shake their evidence, a considerable degree of agitation was manifested in the court, and the impression was decidedly unfavourable to the prisoner. The counsel then went on to say,

"I will now proceed to call a most important witness upon this business;" and the name of Mr. Driesen was accordingly called. That gentleman, however, did not appear, and, after a considerable pause, some discussion took place as to what was to be the course of proceeding. The counsel for the prosecution, however, at length said, that, although Mr. Driesen's evidence was important, as confirming the testi-

mony of the other witnesses, yet that it was far more desirable that he should have been present, in order to give an opportunity to the counsel for the defence, of cross-examining him, than on any other account; but that, if his learned friend thought fit to let the testimony of that witness stand, as it had been given before the coroner, he was quite willing himself, to say, that he considered his case complete.

The counsel for the defence then replied, that he was perfectly willing that it should be so, as in all probability he should not have cross-examined Mr. Driesen, even if he had been present, inasmuch as all the facts stated by the witnesses were perfectly true, and not denied by the prisoner at the bar.

This admission created a new sensation in the court, accompanied by so loud a buz, that the judge was obliged to interfere, to enforce silence; and while he was so doing, a sealed paper was handed to his clerk, and then to himself. He immediately looked at the address, tore it open, and read, making a sign

to the counsel for the defence to pause, ere he called any witnesses.

The paper was long, and took some time to read; and when he had done, the judge spoke a few words to the clerk, who sent the beadle immediately out of court. The beadle returned in a minute or two with a reply, and the judge, after seeming to hesitate for a moment as to what course he should pursue, bowed to the counsel for the defence, and said:—

"You had better go on, Mr. Plaistow. This is very important, and I will communicate it to you afterwards; but I must think over some precedents, to judge how we must deal with it."

The counsel then immediately called, as the first witness, our good friend, Captain Longly, whose evidence was to the following effect;—that, from a certain hour, which he stated with nautical precision, up to a certain other hour, the prisoner at the bar, Sir Charles Tyrrell, had been with him, and with two other persons, one named John Hailes, and the other known

by the name of Lieutenant Hargrave, under the wall at the back of Harbury Park; he, Sir Charles Tyrrell, having agreed to meet him on private business at the park-stile, some few minutes before. He went on to say, that the park-stile at which Sir Charles Tyrrell was to have met him, lay in such a direction, that the straight course for the prisoner to pursue from the house to the stile, was through the garden; and by an ingenious question the counsel elicited from him, without any breach of the law of evidence, that, comparing the period at which Sir Charles Tyrrell was known to have left his father's house, with the time that he actually joined him under the park-wall, and comparing the distance between the two places, he, Sir Charles, must have walked with the very greatest rapidity to have accomplished it at all.

The evidence was so clear, so exact, so conclusive, in regard to the facts which it went to establish, that a well-pleased murmur ran through the Court; and the counsel, who had

received a hint from Morrison not to press Captain Longly farther than necessary, upon his occupation at the time, judged that he might leave the matter there, especially as he might elicit any other facts from Hailes at an after period, if he found it requisite.

The counsel for the prosecution, however, was not to be so satisfied; and as it fell to one of the junior counsel to cross-examine this witness, he did it in a less mild and considerate manner than his leader might have done.

"Now, Mr. Longly," he said, "or Captain Long, as I am told you are called, you have given very good evidence indeed; but I have got a question or two to ask you, and be so good as to remember that you are upon your oath. Now, Mr. Longly, alias Captain Long ——"

"Make haste," said Longly, bluffly; "for though they call me Captain Long, as you say, I am fond of short questions and short answers."

"Well, then, Captain Long," he continued, "be so good as to explain to us, if it is not an

impertinent question, what you were doing at the time the prisoner at the bar was with you, as you have stated."

"Why, I think it *is* an impertinent question, Mr. Parchment-face," replied Captain Long, who did not at all admire the demeanour of his cross-examiner. "I came here to give evidence of what *he* was doing, not what *I* was doing, and so I say it is an impertinent question, and I shan't answer it."

"Then the Court must compel you," replied the lawyer.

"I am afraid you must put your question in another form," said the Judge. The lawyer bowed, and tried it in a different shape.

"Pray, then," he said, "what was Sir Charles Tyrrell, the prisoner at the bar, doing at the time that he was with you, as you have just stated?"

Captain Long, however, was not a man to be easily outdone, and he replied,—

"Why, part of the time he was walking up under the park-wall towards me; part of the

time he was talking to me, and part of the time he was walking away again; part of the time he was turning to look at what we were about; part of the time he was coming back again to us, and part of the time he was going back to his own house;" and Captain Long put his hands behind his back, and looked the lawyer straight in the face, while a general and unbecoming titter ran through the Court.

"Silence!" exclaimed the Judge; "this is very indecent! I do not, however, think our learned brother can press the witness to say any thing that might criminate himself."

"I have no objection, my Lord," replied Longly, turning towards the Judge, "to say any thing in the world, if I am asked in a civil way, do you see; but if he tries to brow-beat me, he shall find himself mistaken.",

"You must respect the Court, Sir," replied the Judge. "We will not suffer you to be brow-beaten, but you must remember the awful nature of the proceeding in which we are engaged. The life of a fellow-creature is at

stake—a terrible crime has been committed, and the law must be satisfied. Have you any objection, Mr. Longly, to answer the Court what was the business you were engaged in during the time that the prisoner at the bar was with you. You are not obliged, however, to say any thing to criminate yourself, therefore let your answer be considerate."

Longley paused for a moment, ere he replied, and turned his eyes towards Everard Morrison; but then, slapping his knee after his own peculiar fashion, he answered, "Well, I don't care! It must be told one day, so it shall out now. Why, my Lord, you see I was fighting a duel! There is no harm in that, I take it. There's not a man among you," and he looked round the Court, "there's not a man among you that wouldn't fight too, if a scoundrel were to come and attempt to kidnap your child—to take your daughter away against her will, and under false pretences. That's what I fought for."

The movement produced in Court, by

Longly's words, was indescribable, and even the Judge was affected; but still greater was the sensation when the old seaman went on to describe the whole that had taken place, the provocation given, the conduct of young Hargrave and that of Charles Tyrrell, and ended by declaring that the young Baronet had determined to stand his trial, and even die, rather than betray the trust reposed in him.

The words that he used, in any other man's mouth, would, probably, have produced little or no effect; but there was something in the simplicity which, mingled with Longly's shrewdness, and in the contrast between the bold ingenuity with which he frustrated the efforts of the counsel to extract his secret, and the straight forward candour with which he afterwards told it, all at once, that gave point to every word.

In answer to some further questions from the Court, in reference to the ultimate fate of Hargrave, he said,—

" Why, my Lord, I thought the scoundrel

was as dead as a stock-fish; but I have heard since that he got quite well, and was drowned when the cutter got ashore on the Hog's-back. But you see, as soon as I heard that, I went and asked old Jenkins, with whom I had left him; and I made him tell me the truth; and then I found that it was only a faint that he was in. He went on fainting that way all day; but he got better afore the next morning, and then he made old Jenkins swear he would not tell but that he was dead. He had some devilry or another in hand, depend upon it, by pretending to be dead when he was living; but, howsoever, he's as dead as a mackarel now, that's clear."

"This matter must be inquired into further," said the Judge; "but, in the mean time, I hope the witness will remember the dangerous situation in which he not only brought himself, but others, by giving way to a spirit of revenge:" and he proceeded to read Longly a lecture, to which the other listened with great attention, being far more edified by the full wig and

furred gown, than by those absurd conceits wherewith our gentlemen of the bar are compelled to disfigure themselves.

When Longly had been suffered to go down, the good fisherman, John Hailes, was called, and confirmed, in every particular, the evidence of the preceding witness.

His account of the duel between Longly and Lieutenant Hargrave, delivered in homely language, and stripped of every shade of the imaginative, made a smile run through the Court; but while he went on the jury were consulting together, without attending; and as soon as he had done, the foreman addressed the Judge, saying,—

"I do not think, my Lord, that the case need go on. We are all agreed in regard to our verdict, and it is only putting Sir Charles Tyrrell to unnecessary pain to proceed further."

A momentary smile of satisfaction passed over Sir Charles Tyrrell's countenance as he heard the words spoken which placed his fate beyond

doubt; but he turned at once to the Judge, saying,—

"I feel grateful, my Lord, for the consideration of the jury; but I much wish the trial to go on to the end. A most horrible imputation has been cast upon me; and I would fain not quit this bar without my character standing as clear as before the occurrence of those awful events which brought me here. There remains one more witness to be examined in my defence; I am totally ignorant of the evidence he is about to give, but from what he has been heard to say, I am inclined to believe that we may, by his means, be enabled to fix the guilt upon the real murderer of my unhappy parent."

"It is most important that his evidence should be taken," said the Judge; "and, under every point of view, I think it better, also, that the trial should go on to its usual conclusion."

The degree of mystery attached to the evidence about to be given, revived at once the attention of the jury, which had begun to flag; and when John Smithson was called up, every

eye in the Court was fixed upon the old man, with an inquiring gaze. He appeared, however, quite calm and unabashed; advancing steadily and sternly into the witness-box, as if impressed with a strong and engrossing sense of what he was about to do, and prepared to act as he thought right, without wavering or hesitation. The counsel, indeed, felt some difficulty as to how to shape his questions, for the old man had firmly refused, to the very last moment, to give the slightest indication of what he had to tell.

At length, however, after the oath was administered, which he took with an aspect of solemn feeling, the question was put, "Where were you on the day, and about the time of the murder of the late Sir Francis Tyrrell?"

"I was in Harbury Park!" replied the old man, boldly, "within fifty yards of the door in the garden wall on the side towards the house."

Every ear was now attention, and Charles

Tyrrell leaned forward to gaze upon the witness more fully, while the counsel proceeded,

"Did you see the prisoner at the bar there at that time?" was the next question.

"I rather believe I did," replied the old man, "but I am not sure, for the person that I saw, and that I took to be him, was just going into the garden as I came up, and banged the door after him sharply."

"What did you see next?" demanded the counsel.

"Why, before I could think whether I should go on to the house, as I was going," answered Smithson, "or whether I should run after Master Charles, and ask him to speak a good word for me with his father; I saw Sir Francis coming along the walk from the house, at a quick rate, but not so quick as his son had gone, and there was another person following him, about twenty steps behind, going quicker than he was. I had never seen that person before at that time, but he called twice after Sir Francis Tyrrell,

saying the second time, 'you must hear me, and may therefore as well stop! By —— I believe you are insane!' Sir Francis was just at that moment at the door of the garden, and he turned round and said, as the other came up— 'Insane, am I? You shall find that I am sane enough to make you a beggar before a week be over, and to free myself from a viper that has been feeding upon me for many a year?' They were now close together, and the other answered, 'You wish, I suppose, to make me think you scoundrel as well as madman!' and then Sir Francis lifted the stick that was in his hand, as if to strike the other; but the other caught hold of it, and being the tallest and strongest, dragged it away from him, and threw it amongst the plants not far from the tool-house.

"Sir Francis ran after it, saying something I did not rightly hear, and just at that minute the other seemed to see a gun leaning against the garden wall, for he snatched it up, put it to his shoulder as Sir Francis was looking for the stick, and fired. Sir Francis fell down upon his

face, and never moved or spoke, and the other threw down the gun and took one look round him. It was all done in a minute!"

"When he looked round, did he not see you?" demanded the counsel.

"No, he could not do that," replied the old man; "they might both perhaps have seen me if they had looked as they came up, for I was then only amongst the trees, at a short distance; but when I saw what was going on, I got behind a thin bush. However, after giving one look round, and one look at the man he had shot: but without touching him, mind: he set out for the house as hard as he could go."

"And now, Mr. Smithson," said the counsel, "I must ask you, on your oath, have you ever seen the person you saw murder Sir Francis Tyrrell since?"

"Why, yes, I have," replied the old man; "I saw him afterwards, first at the funeral, where he who had killed him went as chief mourner, while the son, who had not killed him, was a prisoner in this gaol!" There was a dead

silence through the court. "The next time I saw him, I watched him out of the house, and asked a groom his name, and the groom told me it was Mr. Driesen; and the last time I saw him, was at Harbury Park house, yesterday morning, when I went up to tell him what I intended to do, for I don't think it fair to take any man by surprise."

The counsel was going to interrupt him with another question; but the look of the Judge so plainly said, let him go on, that he paused, and the old man proceeded as if he were telling a tale.

"He seemed very much surprised like," he continued, "when I told him I had seen all; but not frightened either, though I thought he would have been very much frightened indeed; but he said no, that it was all quite true that I said; but that he had had quite provocation enough to justify him in what he had done; that he considered it a good to society to put such a man as Sir Francis Tyrrell out of the way, and that he wondered it had not been done years before. So I said I thought so too,

and that was the reason I had never told any body what I had seen; for he had aggravated me not long before, till I had well nigh knocked his brains out; but that now the young gentleman's life was in danger, and so I must tell the whole. So then again he said I was quite right, that if I had not been there to do it, he would have told the whole himself; but that as I was going to tell the whole, there was no need for him to do it, and he would therefore take himself out of harm's way."

"Out of harm's way, indeed!" said the Judge. "Pray did he tell you, witness, how he intended to take himself out of harm's way?"

"No, Sir," replied the old man; "but I suppose in a cutter: that would be the shortest."

"He has found a shorter still," answered the Judge, with a sigh. "This is, altogether, as awful a case as I ever had the pain to have brought before me. A paper has been put into my hands, addressed to myself, since the beginning of the trial, with which I anticipated some difficulty in dealing. But from the turn which the evidence has taken, I think it but right and

necessary, that the jury should have the advantage of its contents, in order that not the slightest doubt may remain upon the case, although, even as it stands at present, their duty would be very straight forward. It is addressed to me by a person, signing himself Henry Driesen; and I have just been informed, that it was found this morning on his dressing-table at Harbury Park, with directions to deliver it immediately, the unhappy writer having been found dead in his bed, with strong reason to suppose that he had poisoned himself with distilled laurel leaves."

When Smithson had first mentioned, that the person who had killed his father, was the same who had acted the part of chief mourner at the funeral, Charles Tyrrell had covered his eyes with his hands, and leant forward upon the bar. But when the announcement was made by the Judge, of the terrible end of his career, the young baronet withdrew his hands, and gazed up with a painful and even more horror-struck

glance than before. In the meanwhile, however, the paper, which was written by Mr. Driesen, was handed to the clerk, who read as follows:—

"My Lord,

"Before this is placed in your hands, the writer will have quitted a life which begins to be troublesome, and will have laid himself down, with a full and clear notion of what he is about, to take, after the fatigues of existence, the sleep of annihilation. You will, therefore, be pleased to regard this as the declaration of a dying man, if that can give any additional character of solemnity, or veracity, to words which are written with plain sincerity, and a straightforward regard to truth.

"My motive for making this declaration at all is, that I am inclined to believe, that some link in the chain may be wanting, of the defence of my excellent young friend, Sir Charles Tyrrell, who is to be tried before you to-morrow. Though there can be no earthly doubt of his

acquittal, yet it is but fair and right, that he should start afresh in life, without any suspicion attaching to him of having committed an act, which, in him, would have been criminal under any circumstances, and which our somewhat indiscriminate law regards as criminal but too frequently.

"Without troubling you with my own particular notions on the subject, I will merely proceed to say, that Sir Charles Tyrrell had neither any share in, nor any cognizance of, the death of his father, as I, myself, with my own hand, without any aid, and, as I imagined at the time, without any witnesses, performed that act, of which he is now accused. It may be necessary, or, at all events, satisfactory, for you to know all the circumstances, which were as follows:

"On the morning that the event occurred, a serious dispute took place between the young man and his father, whose whole temper and demeanour were such, that it is only extraordinary he was suffered to live to the age of

thirty; nearly miraculous, that there was no man found sensible and courageous enough to cut short a life, that was a torment to himself and every body else, till he was approaching the usual term of human existence. The dispute which was, as I understand, regarding a proposed separation between Lady Tyrrell and her husband, appeared so much more violent than ordinary, that the servants called upon me to interfere. Being an extremely good tempered man myself, I had gone through life without ever quarrelling with Sir Francis Tyrrell. He had left me a very large portion of his property. He had, on various occasions, lent me large sums of money; and notwithstanding all these causes for disagreement, we had remained very good friends till that morning, when I saw, for the first time, a disposition to quarrel with myself, as well as with every thing else that came in his way.

"I had gone out of the room to avoid a consummation which I did not at all wish, and came down, when the servants called me, un-

willingly. On so doing, I found my young friend, Charles, rushing out of the house in an indescribable state of grief and agitation, and his father about to follow him, more like a maniac than any thing else. I endeavoured to stop him in a course that threatened to produce the most lamentable results, but upon my using some gentle force to restrain him, he turned upon me with fury, and not only begged me not to interfere with his family, but quit his house, and to prepare myself to repay suddenly, within the week, all the sums that he had lent me, together with interest on the same.

"This was both disagreeable and inconvenient; and he added that he should instantly cancel every thing that he had written favourable to myself in his will, and leave the money to hospitals, which of course I thought very foolish. This staggered and surprised me, as well it might; but on the servants bringing me my hat, and urging me, as far as I recollect, to go after him, in order to prevent the painful

consequences they anticipated between himself and his son, I followed rapidly and overtook him near the door of the garden.

" A violent but short dispute ensued between us, the precise terms of which I do not, at this moment, recollect; but it ended by his attempting to strike me. I wrenched the stick out of his hand, and threw it to a distance, when he darted after it, with menaces which made me clearly comprehend that there could be nothing between us for the future but open war. I had long thought that it would be a good thing if such a man were out of the world. I saw that his longer life would produce nothing but misery and destruction to all connected with him, and that I myself and his son would be amongst the first victims. There was a good deal of consideration of myself in the business, as was rational and natural, and there was a little anger too, which was irrational and foolish, I acknowledge.

" However, at the very moment he turned to dart after the stick, my eye lighted upon a gun,

leaning against the garden wall. I caught it up, determined, if he attempted to strike me again, to knock him down with the butt end; but I saw that it was loaded, by some powder that was clinging fresh about the pan, and it passed through my mind that it would be better to finish the matter at once by firing the contents into his head, which, I imagine, is, by no means, a painful kind of death. Without giving it a second thought, I acted accordingly; and as soon as I felt sure that he was quite dead, and did not require the second barrel, I went back to the house as fast as I could, resolving to let the matter settle itself as it might, and to take no further heed about it.

" I felt a good deal pained and grieved, I acknowledge, when I found that suspicion had fallen upon Charles; but knowing that he had nothing on earth to do with the matter, I did not doubt that he would easily be able to clear himself. Finding, however, that such was not the case; discovering that another person had been present when I was not aware of it;

knowing that the law of this country was likely to look upon the matter in a different light from that in which I regarded it, and preferring the calm and speedy extinction of laurel water to the annoying process of a trial, and the disagreeable end of strangulation, I have determined upon my course, and written this to be delivered to you when I am no more, in order that my good friend, Charles, whose lot in life has hitherto not been a very agreeable one, may enjoy the rest of that space of intellectual existence which falls to his share, without any drawback from suspicion attaching to his name.

"I have nothing further to say, than that every word contained in this paper is precisely true, and to add my name,

"HENRY DRIESEN."

When the paper had been read, the Judge immediately turned towards the jury, and said,

"To this paper, and written under these

circumstances, you will give, Gentlemen of the Jury, whatsoever credence you may think fit; but with the evidence before you, it seems to me that you can but come to one conclusion, as indeed you appeared to have done even before the case for the defence was as clear as it now is. If you think it necessary for me to sum up that evidence, I will do it, now that the whole case has been gone into; but if not, and if your verdict is already decided, it is for your foreman now to pronounce it.

As is generally the case, there was a moment of deep silence, and then the foreman, without farther hesitation or consultation whatsoever, replied,

"We have long been unanimous, my Lord, and pronounce that the prisoner is not guilty, only regretting that the circumstances in which he has been placed have put him to as much pain, and inflicted upon him as much punishment as the laws of the realm award to many a serious offence."

"Sir Charles Tyrrell," said the Judge, "you quit the bar of this court, not simply acquitted by the verdict of your fellow countrymen of the crime of which you were suspected, but cleared of the slightest doubt or suspicion whatsoever. Allow me, however, to remark that a portion of the pain and anxiety which you have suffered is to be attributed to your having been a party in concealing an act, which the laws of your country required you immediately to reveal. We regard and reverence your high sense of honour, and acknowledge that the circumstances in which you were placed were painful; but the paramount duty of every subject of a civilized country is obedience to the laws of the land in which he lives. I congratulate you most sincerely upon the result of the trial, and while I am sure that it will be a warning to you for the future, I trust it will be a warning to others, especially in this part of the country, where I find that, although a great deal of good feeling does certainly exist, yet

very strange and dangerous notions, in regard to right and wrong, are entertained by many classes of the community."

Charles Tyrrell bowed in silence, and withdrew from the bar. He was too much affected, and too much overpowered, to speak to any one, but taking the arm of Everard Morrison, he hastened through the passages of the court-house out into the market-square. The court was nearly emptied after him; an immense multitude of persons was assembled without; an extraordinary degree of interest seemed to have been excited in his favour; Everard Morrison was himself an immense favourite with the people; and when the young Baronet appeared, leaning on his arm, with his tall commanding figure, looking still taller from the deep mourning in which he was clothed, with his face pale with agitation and deep feeling, and an irrepressible moisture in his eyes, a loud and long-continued shout burst from the multitude.

It was scarcely possible for him to make his way across the square to the house of the young lawyer; for though a lane was formed to enable him to pass through the midst, the women pressed forward to see him, the boys ran on by his side, gazing up in his face, and the men waved their hats, and shouted in his path.

At the house of young Morrison's father he found Longly and his daughter, and good John Hailes and his wife, with the eldest of their children; and, giving way to many mingled emotions, Charles hid his eyes in his handkerchief, and wept.

As soon as he was a little calm, however, he said in a low voice to Morrison,—

"Have you got a horse for me here, Morrison, for I long to go to my poor mother?"

"No; I have not a horse," replied Morrison, gravely; "but I have ordered four horses to be ready for your carriage."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear Everard," replied Charles; "I do not go home with such

parade as that will make; considering the circumstances, and my father's recent and horrible death, that would be indecent."

"Tyrrell," replied Morrison, "it is not for the purpose of parade that I ordered them; but I am sorry to be obliged to diminish your happiness at your acquittal, by telling you what I dared not tell you before, that Miss Effingham is very ill. Mrs. Effingham went down to her yesterday; but another express, which must have passed her on the road, arrived this morning, and we thus learn that she is seriously and dangerously indisposed. Knowing that you would wish to set off to see her immediately, I ordered the horses; and you can just see Lady Tyrrell as you pass by the manor. My dear father, let Sir Charles Tyrrell have some refreshment, and by that time the carriage will be round, and the people somewhat cleared away."

Charles Tyrrell took some wine, but he could take nothing else, for the news he had heard had made his heart feel sick.

As soon as the carriage was brought round, he hastened to enter it, and proceeded at full speed to the manor-house, bearing with him, to Lady Tyrrell, the first tidings of his acquittal. Lady Tyrrell's nerves were weakened by all the grief and anxiety that she had undergone; and the first effect of the joy of seeing her son, was to make her faint, which added considerably to the time that he had to remain at the manor-house, although, indeed, when she recovered, she pressed him eagerly to go on to see Lucy. Her mind was, indeed, so much depressed by all the misfortunes and sorrows of her life, that she viewed every thing in the darkest colours, and painted the state of Lucy Effingham as much more alarming than even the letter brought by the express justified. Still, however, she detained Charles with her, even while pressing him to go, and it was late in the day before he was once more permitted to enter the carriage to proceed on his solitary journey.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It often happens to us in life, at least to those people whose feelings are very deep and strong, that the consequence of some great and sudden joy, or some quick and scarcely expected deliverance from evil or danger, has any effect rather than that of exhilirating, of renewing expectation, or reviving hope.

When Charles Tyrrell cast himself back in the carriage which was to bear him away to her he so dearly loved, it was with a feeling of deep depression. The news of Lucy's sickness had come upon him suddenly in the midst of his joy, like a funeral crossing some gay procession; and he felt as if it were too much to expect, or hope for, that he should be suddenly delivered from all the pangs and anxieties that had lately surrounded his path, without some terrible

drawback, without some drop of intense bitter mingling in the sweetness of his cup. A feeling, which he could scarcely refrain from calling a presentiment, arose in his mind that his Lucy would be snatched from him; and that while he regained life, she who made life so dear would be taken away.

Not long after he had entered the carriage, night came on; but though he had rested not at all the night before, no sleep now visited his eyelids, and he watched, with feverish anxiety, the passing from stage to stage, conjuring up every dark and bitter anticipation, every terrible prospect and gloomy image, thinking the horses tardy, though they went at full speed, and the time wasted in waking the people at the inns, and changing the horses, almost interminable.

Day dawned at length, but he was still far from his journey's end, and weary hour after hour went by, till he almost fancied the milestones along the road were themselves deceiving him.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when coming down one of the wooded slopes of Devonshire, with the dark blue sea rising to meet the eye above the trees in the valley, he saw the little church crowning the hill above, and the few scattered white houses, which constituted the village, round the clergyman's house. It was a neat and pretty building, though very small. There was a garden before the door filled with autumn flowers, and that sweetest of all importations from foreign lands, the monthly rose, clustering the porch and spreading round the windows. The casements were almost all open, and the sunshine was upon the dwelling.

There is much, very much, in the aspect of a place to which we are going. The whole of Charles's journey had offered him nothing but images of despair; but the sight of that house, and its flowers, and its sunshine, showed him that hope was not altogether extinguished in his bosom.

As the carriage and four drove up, a head

was put out of one of the upper windows, and, without ringing or knocking, a servant ran to open the door and the little gate.

"How is Miss Effingham?" demanded Charles, instantly.

"She is better, Sir," replied the maid.

Charles put his hand to his heart, and paused for a moment, for he felt as if he should have fallen.

"Where is she?" he demanded at length, "Where is she? I may go up, I 'm sure."

The servant ran up stairs before him, but he overtook her as she reached the top, and himself knocked at the door which she was opening.

"May I come in?" he said; "may I come in? It is Charles."

"Oh, yes, come in, come in, dearest Charles," said the voice of Lucy, herself. "Come in," repeated the voice of Mrs. Effingham, and Charles was in the room in a moment. Lucy was sitting up in bed, with her mother beside her. She was pale, and had evidently been very ill;

but there was life, and hope, and joy in her eyes, and Charles, springing forward, threw his arms around her, and pressed her to his bosom.

"I shall soon be well now, Charles," said Lucy, as soon as she could dry her tears. "Your step upon the stairs, Charles, was better than the finest drug that ever was imported from foreign lands. I shall soon be well now!"

She kept her word, and was soon well. The cloud that had hung over the early day of Charles Tyrrell was wafted away. In his youth he had drank the bitter cup to the dregs, and the rest of his life passed in sunshine and sweetness. Lucy made him happy, and having learned so many severe lessons by experience, Charles acquired that command over himself, and taught it to his children, which had been possessed by none of his family before him.

He entertained, however, a sort of antipathy towards the spot where so much misery had befallen him, and he proposed to Lucy, and she willingly agreed, that he, being the last in the

entail, should sell the property of Harbury Park, and purchase another in the neighbourhood of the spot where they were re-united after so painful a separation.

In that park, however, and in the scenes around it, I have spent many a happy day in the sunshiny hours of my youth, and there collected, many years ago, the details of that history which I have now given. The Tyrrell family are still recollected by a multitude of persons living around, and it seems to be a general opinion, that the sort of spell which conducted so many of them to a bloody grave, had been broken by the trial and acquittal of Sir Charles Tyrrell.

Young Morrison, alas! no longer young, is still alive, and affords daily a good example of what an honest, upright, well-intentioned lawyer can do for the defence, protection, and assistance of his neighbours. Poor Captain Longly I remember well, with his hair as white as snow, but nourishing to the last, with scrupulous care, the long pig-tail, in which consisted